TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The civic administration may feel that they have been rehabilitated by the success of the Esplanade by-law. They need cherish no such delusion. The by-law was carried in spite of their unpopularity. Had it not been for the co-operation of the Citizens' Committee, the Trades and Labor Council and the Board of Trade, such a good settlement would never have been obtained and had it not been for the endorsation and recommendation of the bodies named, no settlement under the auspices of the present City Council would have been adopted by the tax-ridden citizens of Toronto. As I stated when advocating this by-law, we did not obtain our rights but we came nearer getting them than in any other dispute Toronto has ever had with a railway. The organizations which co-operated with the City Council in this matter have received the shabbiest treatment possible. Indeed, they had to suffer insult, and the credit of most that is good in the final settlement belongs to those public-spirited men who, in spite of affronts and taunts that they were irresponsible persons, continued to labor for the city's good and succeeded in accomplishing so much in spite of the persistent opposition of those who should have been the chief guardians of the city's interests. Among them all there was no man who did better service than Mr. Hugh Blain. When many of the rest of the committees utterly disgusted dropped out of the fight, he stood by it to the end and deserves the thanks of the city of Toronto. The Canadian Pacific Railway Co., considering how strong a position they had obtained before the organizations outside of the Council began to fight them, have acted more generously than could have been expected. The Grand Trunk played the hog-act as usual, until it lost the trifle of sympathy Toronto ever had for it. Its final surrender can scarcely be said to reflect credit on either the head or heart of whoever it is or whatever it is that manages the road.

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The anonymous person or persons who endeavored by posters and other methods to excite the prejudice of the electors in order to defeat the by-law, were no doubt actuated by spite and wished to defeat what was necessary to the good of the city in order to further cripple our civic executive. It was a mean and unmanly attempt. A city which happens to be saddled with a plug council and a self-seeking mayor is unfortunate enough without having amongst its citizens men who can afford to spend a few dollars in printer's ink in order to cripple the city's progress for the purpose of further discrediting an already discredited executive. Another point which deserves mention: The railways were by no means anxious for the by-law to pass, and this in itself is proof enough of their belief that they could have obtained better terms from the railway committee of the House of Commons. In former days when questions affecting railroads' interests were brought before the people, money was spent freely by the railways and their officials and every man they could influence could be found hustling about the wards and driving voters to the polls. In the contest last week I have not heard that they spent a single dollar or instructed their men to make the slightest effort. The moral of this to the citizens should be sufficient and satisfactory evidence of the wisdom of their decision. The newspapers of the city with a solitary exception urged the adoption of the by-law. That exception was the *Telegram* and it made itself ridiculous by alleging that it could have defeated the by-law had it made a crusade against it, but for once it would leave the citizens to choose for themselves. Upon what meat does this our civic newspaper Cæsar feed, to make it so great? What sort of a motive has it? The trouble is over and it would be unwise to press questions of this sort, yet those guiding the course of a newspaper should consider many times and revise with great care articles which contain so much egotism and so little sense. Surely they must be well enough acquainted with public sentiment to know that that sort of thing is offensive to the reader and betrays an absence of justice or an unworthiness of motive, equally destructive of a newspaper's influence.

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The result that we have a right to hope for in this settlement of one of the leading points of the Esplanade trouble, is that a handsome union station shall be built, which for the sake of the railroads as well as for Toronto's sake must be of considerable magnificence. The Canadian Pacific is never mean in such regards but the Grand Trunk, of course, if it is as mean as it knows how to be, will tinker up its old refrigerator and pretend that it has complied with the terms of the agreement. It so happens that the proposed union station is to be erected in a section of the city which is likely in a very few years to be the very heart of Toronto. Moreover, the land surrounding it is either occupied by handsome structures or is practically vacant. If the new union depot is a building anything like it should be, the surrounding lots will within the next few years be occupied by the largest and handsomest edifices in the city. The leading section of the wholesale trade has already moved into the district between Yonge and York streets, and if warehouses are erected contiguous to the union station, fine structures, a park and decently equipped wharves placed on the land just obtained by the city, the traveler who visits Toronto will be landed in the most sightly portion of it instead of being dumped out of a car in a covered shunting yard as at present, with hardly a decent building in sight. On York street the old shanties which now disgrace it will soon be razed. With Osgoode Hall at the head of it, with the City Hall at the head of Bay street and modern structures occupying the places now inhabited by second hand shops and dime restaurants, we may feel confident that strangers coming to Toronto will be properly impressed.

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Before dropping this subject I would like to inquire what are the prospects of catching a boat at the foot of Yonge street as soon as the Canada Pacific and Belt Line Railways add their trains to the already extensive and dangerous traffic at present existing? The woman who dares cross the network of rails with a baby carriage or a toddler will take chances of losing her life and the life of her offspring. The whole Esplanade business has not yet been settled, but having succeeded in accomplishing so much the balance of the work should be proceeded with at once, otherwise all the lake traffic now on Yonge street will move to the foot of York street, as that neighborhood having an overhead bridge will afford proper security for citizens and excursionists.

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A despatch from Colorado announces that "a great portion of that state is completely infested with young grasshoppers of the locust species, the same that laid Washington, Kansas and Nebraska waste years ago." Only those who have seen clouds of grasshoppers swoop down on the fields can imagine the desolation caused by such a plague. I saw them in Kansas—in '75 or '76 I think it was—when the whole sky was darkened and the sound of the hosts passing over was like the whirring of an enormous flock of birds. Farmers whose growing crops were destroyed stood helpless while the locusts ate up everything green and left the earth so bare that the wind lifted up clouds of dust. Those hundreds of miles removed from the devastation of to-day gathered together and held prayer meetings and implored Providence to turn aside the invading host. Fires were lit around the fields that the smudge might prevent the insects from landing. Furrows were ploughed around fields, and desperate farmers, with starvation staring them in the face, made every possible effort, yet nearly the whole state was devastated. Strange things happened, which were attributed to all sorts of causes. One farm I saw after the locusts has passed over and had scarcely touched a leaf on the trees or a blade of grass. It belonged to a widow woman who had ploughed and sowed and toiled with almost superhuman strength to maintain her family after her husband died. The neighbors said that she sat in her house as the locusts approached, and when asked why she did not start fires replied in intense bitterness of spirit, "God took away my husband and if he now leaves me to starve after I have worked so hard he kin jist do it and I sha'n't have no more truck with Him." After the plague had passed and she found her belongings unharmed, she threw herself face downwards on the grass and those who claim to have heard her prayer for forgiveness say that it was as extraordinary in its devotion as the words they considered impious, uttered in anticipation of ruin, were bitter in spirit.

The desolation marked by the flight of the grasshoppers was simply dreadful; not a leaf was left on the trees, not a blade of grass nor anything green. Worst of all they deposited their eggs, and when the young grasshoppers were born the next year they ate everything up before starting to fly. Thus a plague of locusts means more than a simple visitation. Practically, their coming means two years of famine. I cannot profess to be very exact in my figures but some man out west, learned in such things, prepared a table showing the periods which had marked the coming of the grasshoppers in the past and would likely denote their coming in the future. I can remember when the period came around, fixed upon as that of their probable return, to have heard that the Kansas farmer was in great terror until it was demonstrated that the evil prophecy was not to be fulfilled. Strangely enough, these insects swoop down upon Kansas and Colorado from away up north. They are something like a Canadian grasshopper and some scientific men in the infected districts tried to demonstrate that they were very good to eat if fried. I did not taste them and even science was unable to make them a popular dish. Those who sampled fried grasshoppers stated that they tasted very much like shrimps.

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While I was at the house of a friend one evening about three months ago, a boy brought a picture to the door with a letter which the little fellow said required an answer. The letter contained four pages very closely written in lead pencil containing a very pitiful story. It wound up by a request that my friend purchase the picture for six or seven dollars. It being a frightful daub he refused, though he gave the little fellow some money to let him down easily, at the same time suspecting the whole thing of being a scheme to make money. A few weeks ago a gentleman asked me if I had been appealed to in this way, and as he described the letter he had received it struck me that it was very similar to the one I had already heard read. In both cases the boy had asked that the letter be returned. Last Friday evening a boy and a picture appeared at my own door. I at once recognized the scheme, or at least what seemed to me to be a scheme, for working on public sympathy. Below I reproduce the letter, and I would be obliged if those who have been appealed to in a similar manner would write me a card and tell me if they have had the same experience. I imagine when the letters are returned to the beach they are simply re-enclosed and presented elsewhere. As this appears to have been going on for a considerable time, the whole business strikes me as being a fraud.

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DEAR SIR,—Pardon the liberty I have taken in sending to you, and believe me that only extreme urgency has emboldened me to send at this hour. I was told that if I thoroughly explained to you our position as it is to-day, you may perhaps kindly comply with my earnest wishes. I am an artist with a family of my wife and seven children. We came from London, England, a few years ago, thinking we improve our prospects in this country, although our position was tolerably good in the Old Country. We might have been very happy here had misfortune not smiled us so heavily as it did. Among our many troubles we have twice lost everything we possessed, by fire, each time uninsured. And of two dear little children who have died in Canada, one bright little boy—only five years of age—was drowned in the river in Gananoque, Ont. where we were residing for eighteen months. The poor little fello w was four days in the water before his body was recovered. To show how sometimes malefortune comes in pairs, exactly three days after the people carried his body to us, our house and goods were destroyed by the second fire. Although this happened four years ago, the whole town of Gananoque thoroughly remembers it as it created great excitement at the time. We then came to Toronto and have lived here since. I sincerely trust you will not think I have given the above painful facts with any view of courting sympathy for our past sorrows. I have simply mentioned them to show how singularly unfortunate we have been in this country. Our present troubles are the cause of my intruding our unhappy affairs upon you. Several months ago I received an order to paint a large, life-sized, full-length portrait of a lady (portrait painting being my chief occupation). It was agreed that I was not to receive any money until the portrait is satisfactorily finished. We were very short of funds at the time, and it became a great difficulty how to support my family while painting so large a picture (eight feet high) The only way I could do it was by working on it when painting other smaller orders—a slow and tedious method, and depended on the supply of orders. After many months of hard work, many disappointments, anxiety and expense (the large portrait has been very costly to paint, so much material required from time to time, using up every cent above our actual needs). I managed at last to have it nearly finished and thought my troubles were nearly ended. But they had only commenced. My wife became sick with typhoid fever, so very ill that by the doctor's advice she was subsequently taken to the General Hospital, where she stayed (also in the Convalescent Home) two months. During that time I could not do a stroke of work at my painting. All my time was taken up in the care of my children, and what was worse, our little baby girl, fourteen months old, was taken dangerously sick with cholera infantum, requiring the utmost care and attention to preserve her life. I had no one to help me. We have no relatives in this country. I could not afford to hire a nurse, the large portrait had crippled our small means so badly. Even my children were lost of much use in a case like that, as they are mostly boys, our eldest girl not five years of age. I had therefore to do everything myself. At the end of two months my wife returned home, I thank God she was fully recovered in health But although I was enabled to resume my painting, our troubles were not over. Another misfortune faced us The season for my work had passed; the slack, dull season commenced, everyone looking towards their holidays. No work came in, most of my patrons are already out of town. I had a couple of orders in hand when my wife became sick, but when she was taken to the hospital I had to give them up, as they were required for presents and to be finished by a certain date, they were given to another artist. This last thing causes us to lose all heart. We are now in a bad plight. Who on earth could imagine so many things owning upon a man, like I have had? Our small means are entirely exhausted. The large portrait is nearly finished, but we have not a cent in the house. We have always hitherto been accustomed to a moderately good living, and we could not help shrinking from exposing our present poverty, even to our neighbors, whom we have lived with the last three years. I have been an invalid for five years or I would rather dig roads than suffer half what we now feel. I have recently painted a picture of a scene of the west of England, it represents a stag "unharbored" on Exmoor heath. I was in hopes of selling it to help us out of our difficulties. But most of my patrons are out of town on vacation, and at present it is very difficult to sell any kind of picture for ready cash. Heaven only knows what we shall do for money to-day. I have now (in sheer desperation) sent this picture to you asking if you will buy it for seven dollars. Small as that sum is it would clear us of our troubles and enable me to finish the large portrait. I have written this letter in a hurry, and feel very dejected and worn out with anxiety. It is bitterly mortifying for me to add that we have not even the means of buying this evening's provisions.

I am, yours very respectfully,

The above is a rather long letter to dash off in a moment of desperation when a fellow feels "very dejected and worn out."

Grand Scene from Massenet's Opera, Le Mage.

A hotelkeeper whom I chanced to ask how "ten cent" whisky was selling, said a sensible and philosophical thing in reply. "Well, I am making just as much money as I did before, though I am selling considerably less whisky. If I could make the same amount of money by charging twenty cents a drink for whisky, I would do it. The less of the stuff I sell the better pleased I am though of course, as a hotelkeeper, I have to look out for my profits. Those who adulterate their liquor and sell it for five cents are the fellows who take a pleasure in selling it and don't feel sorry when they make men drunk. To make the same money they would rather sell two gallons of whisky than one. They are not fit to be in the business." There is bar-room philosophy for you, and I believe it voices the opinion of nineteen hotelkeepers out of twenty. They argue that if they do not sell intoxicants someone else will, and that the business is better in the hands of decent men than controlled by toughs who, for two cents a glass profit on vile liquor, would not feel a pang of conscience if the drunkard went from their bar-room door along the road to ruin, even if he toppled off into the mouth of hell. There are two things which might yet be done to improve the liquor trade in Toronto; one would be the exaction of another two hundred dollars license fee—this money would go to the city, not the province—and the appointment of two or three inspectors who day by day should visit all the hotels and public lodging houses, inspecting their sanitary condition, cleanliness and the liquors sold at the bar. An act to prevent the adulteration of liquor is absolutely necessary. Drinking liquor of any kind is perhaps an evil; drinking poisonous adulterations is sudden death.

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Funny, isn't it, that while many of our citizens are going away in search of a cool watering place, twice ten thousand American visitors who were here last week pronounce Toronto the most delightful summer resort they ever saw. Many of them are here yet and will be for two months. They will send thousands here next year. Toronto is the coolest, loveliest, most comfortable summer resort I ever saw. We do not appreciate it because we live here. An effort should be made to advertise our charming climate and situation throughout the United States. This should be done even if our own citizens hunt for mosquitos and summer discomforts elsewhere. For my own part, I confess that the only mosquitos I have seen this year I found last winter down in Mexico. Outsiders wonder why Torontonians are so much in love with their city until they come here and see it, and feel the cool breezes and get inside of one of our tens of thousands of comfortable homes. I never go away from here any more feeling the slightest expectation of seeing any other city so lovely and lovable as our own, and I come back from my little journeyings more in love with this fine town than ever.

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There is one thing, however, that I cannot help noticing; we have as disgraceful a lot of young vandals as can be found on the continent. I know that boys will be boys and I am not old enough to have forgotten the pranks of youth, but I cannot forgive the little ruffians who prevent our citizens from taking down their fences. I receive letters from citizens, and many examples of vandalism come under my personal observation. Beautiful flower bushes and plants are pulled up by the roots, grass is trodden down, windows are broken and walls disfigured by chalk marks. Can the parents of these little miscreants be cognizant of such conduct? In Yankee cities, were boys are allowed greater liberty than anywhere else in the world, where youngsters talk back to their parents with a freedom which would shock English people, an act of vandalism is punished more severely than almost any other offence. Boys who wantonly destroy property, ruin or carry away that which beautifies a street should be switched, and right soundly too.

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The by-law passed by the City Council on Monday evening prohibiting park preaching, or what passes for preaching, is a mistake. I shall not name the red-mouthed blackguard who, partially at least, caused the trouble. The prominence he has been given in the newspapers has encouraged him in his contemptible conduct, but because one roaring, braying ass stretches his neck and opens his yaup, shall decent people be prevented from airing their opinions in the open air if pious fervor impels them to make a spectacle of themselves in the public parks? Language not much more refined and certainly not more justifiable, has been used with regard to our Roman Catholic fellow citizens in many of our churches and halls. If we are to have police or civic censorship it may as well be extended to all those public places where men give utterance to their opinions. True, nobody has to go to the churches. It is equally true that nobody has to go to the park, and the man or woman who will stand and listen to blackguardism is guilty of the same offence—and not in a much less degree—as the dirty talker himself is guilty of. The persistence with which the person referred to has carried on his advertisement proves that there are enough blackguards in Toronto to make an audience. It reminds me of the story I once before told in these columns, of the parson who was preaching to miners who kept on disturbing him. He said, "All those who would like to hear me tell a smutty story hold up their hands." It was carried unanimously. He went on preaching until someone shouted out, "How about

that smutty story?" The preacher paused and looked contemptuously at his inquisitor as he replied, "I didn't intend to tell a smutty story. I only took a vote to find out how many blackguards there are in the room." The park preaching has never annoyed me because I did not go near it. If our strict sabbatarianism is proper, nobody has any business in the park on Sunday unless to hear preaching. Being in a park for any other purpose on what is called the Sabbath day, is carnal and an outrage on the sanctity of what our Scotch brethren designate the "Sawbeth." Of course I do not make this contention, as my readers well know that I hold that street cars should be run so that the whole city will not be cooped up in the summer time and forced to empty itself into our little parks. Even there they can avoid men who rear up on their feet and bray out objectionable things. If a man follows the crowd and insists on reiterating his noisome rubbish, any policeman can arrest him under the laws already in existence, for creating a nuisance just as easily as if he were following an individual and insulting him. But when they gather around him and become consenting parties to the blackguardly performance he has as much right there as they have, and a law to remove him and leave them is one-sided and unfair.

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What should have been done to abate this nuisance might have been patterned after the by-law prohibiting itinerant bands from playing offensive and partizan tunes on our streets. Those who desire to speak in public places, in the streets or parks, whether their voices be raised to cry out the virtues of a patent medicine or to extol the strength of a certain variety of religion, should be required to take out a license and men who create riot and commotion could thus be prevented from gathering a crowd and disturbing the public peace. Indeed, ex-Mayor Howland, our chief civic dignitary at that time, addressed a Protestant mass meeting in the park, the speakers at which so inflamed their hearers that two Irish Home Rulers were mobbed. So this riot business is no new thing. I imagine that it will yet be found necessary to rescind this by-law and replace it by one forcing open air speakers to take out a license. The license would not interfere with the liberty of speech, would give the police control of the situation, and it should be applied to churches, halls, and every other place where public speaking is done. Of course buildings of all sorts used as public auditoriums might be licensed so that anyone occupying them would be privileged, the owner of the building being responsible. But no matter how malignant an individual case may become, it does not afford sufficient grounds for any such sweeping by-law as the one passed against park preaching last Monday night. Nobody should be allowed, either standing still or moving about, to disturb the public peace without a permit.

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I saw in some of our city papers, I forget which, an excellent article urging the necessity for better trained teachers in primary schools. In public schools early childhood is the only period during which it is possible for seventy-five per cent. of the children to receive instruction. The childish mind is exceedingly receptive but it needs delicate manipulation. This it does not receive from giddy misses or careless maturity whose only aim is to earn a salary. School teachers should be better paid. Why should doctors who try to cure us when we are sick, or lawyers who get us out of little troubles into big ones, or preachers who too often endeavor to teach us when we are too old to be taught, receive better pay than those who next to our parents have most to do with the moulding of our characters and the building and filling up of the mental structure upon which after life will so much depend. Young men who are preparing to enter a medical college or a law office teach school for a few years as a stepping stone to what they call a profession. They do not understand the business nor would it pay them to take time to learn. There are laws regulating the scholastic attainments of teachers. They must know considerable about a number of things, yet the chief thing—knowing how to impart anything to anybody—can be run over in a few weeks. As a rule these temporary teachers have no children of their own and know next to nothing about the management or instruction of childish minds. It will always be so in spite of all the laws we can pass until we pay those who teach our little ones, as liberally as we pay the pretentious persons who manage our law business and dose us with physic. The majority of persons appointed to take charge of our educational institutions in general and our primary schools in particular, are not school teachers, but school keepers.

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Those who have felt the wounds and wear the scars of labor are, or should be, always slow to criticize the methods employed by workingmen to maintain or obtain what they esteem to be their rights. I imagine, however, that I will not leave myself open to the charge of unfriendliness if I suggest that Monday night's mass meeting was as ill-advised as it was poorly attended. I am thoroughly in sympathy with the idea of the public control and management of every institution and system of transportation to which the public unanimously contribute, and upon which they must necessarily rely. That in Toronto as a city or Canada as a country we are ready to take over all such institutions and undertake their management, no one dared affirm. The extravagance in our city authorities, demonstrated corruption in our country, the difficulties in the way of properly looking after the business already imposed upon our rulers everywhere, make it clear that our functionaries have all the business on their hands they can manage. Our Grit friends tell us that this country is formless. We all know that at least it is in a formative condition. The problem of adjusting national affairs has not been solved, and it would be dangerous for us just now to go into minor details. But even if we were ready in Toronto to undertake the management of the street railway by the Council or a commission, and even if this view be strongly held by working men or others, I still hold it to be an improper thing to endeavor to influence a body of men elected to take charge of our affairs while they are deliberating in regularly organized session. Clamor raised by spectators permitted to enter the Council chamber would rightfully enough be stopped by the police. An excitement created by a mass meeting on or near the steps of the City Hall while the Council is in session, is nothing but an attempt to bulldose and is consequently ill advised and improper. The suspicion that some of the Labor leaders were being utilized by one syndicate against another, weakens the influence of all who are recognized as the mouthpiece of labor organizations. There are plenty of halls in Toronto. A well attended and properly conducted meeting is not lost sight of nor is its decision unfelt. Barricades and boxes, torches and open air declamation are undignified and unnecessary, except it may be when a public meeting has been called and one side refuses another side an opportunity to speak. Then when the crowd is gathered and possibly could not be held together until a proper place can be arranged for, open air speeches in the neighborhood of the other meeting are in order. There is "the excuse of the occasion," but to deliberately arrange a mass meeting about the doors of the City Hall when the Council is in session, has a flavor which Toronto people of every sort can hardly be expected to relish.

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Sam Small, who once claimed to be an evangelist but was admittedly a sensationalist, has retired from the business of perambulating the country and heaping personal abuse upon those who saw fit to differ with his methods. A newspaper paragraph announces that he has become the managing editor of an evening paper in Atlanta, Ga. He is suing a Utah parson for libel and is endeavoring, so far quite unsuccessfully, to clean up his reputation. I wish him luck and hope that nobody will have cause to bring any libel suits against him, but if he runs his newspaper in the unbridled way in which he manages his tongue, he will be back on the platform pretending to preach the Gospel for a living before the snow flies.

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Everyone, except the unsuccessful tenderers for the street railway, must have been glad to see how little foundation there was for the charge that the support of some of the aldermen had been purchased by the Kiely-Everett combination. Things are bad enough at the City Hall without believing that the aldermen are like French-Canadian politicians, standing ready to be bought. If the Mayor and Alderman McDougall thought the people would like to see our street railway system managed by the Council or a commission, why did they not submit the matter to a vote when the Esplanade agreement was being decided? The whole affair was evidently being managed not to make the most out of the franchise, but to so disgust business men that no one would tender for it. That the Kiely-Everett syndicate obtained the franchise seems to please the great majority of the citizens.

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At Ottawa revelations and scandals are drifting like soot stained snow about the doors of more than one of the Cabinet ministers. Every now and then the Opposition wind flirts some more dirt at the doors and windows of principal departments. The worst of it is, some of it sticks. I do not know what the outlook is for those who are inside, but even those of us whose friendly eyes would be willing to let trifles pass unnoticed, cannot lose sight of the fact that more than one minister has been guilty of either gross carelessness or rank corruption. The best and most ringing article on this subject appeared in the Ottawa *Journal*, an independent Conservative paper edited by Phil Ross, who, by the way, is one of the cleverest as well as one of the cleanest of Ontario's newspaper men.

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The article in question urges that Premier Abbott should insist upon Sir Hector Langevin's retirement, as it is evident that the French-Canadian knight has neither sufficient good taste nor love for his party to voluntarily withdraw. In the same paper Mr. Louis P. Kribs of the *Empire*, than who there is not a more popular or versatile writer on the staff of any city paper, makes a strong appeal in Sir Hector's behalf. He urges that a monopoly of the decapitation of leaders who are in trouble, be left to the Opposition. The sturdy manhood of the writer excuses the mistake of judgment which he is making from a partizan point of view. This would not be material if a party only were endangered by such gentle-natured methods. The Conservative party, however, has been entrusted with a patriotic mission and cannot afford to sacrifice it in order to save a Cabinet minister from political destruction. Not only Sir Hector Langevin, but every other minister found culpable in the affairs under investigation should be dismissed if they lack sufficient good sense to retire. Gratitude for past favors may make us willing to sacrifice public interests, but at the same time we should remember that it would be a sacrifice of principle, a sacrifice which gratitude cannot sanctify, nor is it one of which the public will approve. If the Government does not clean out the departmental stables the task will be given to the Opposition, for surely the job would be but half finished were corrupt or criminally careless ministers still left in charge. Of course such carelessness or corruption will have to be proven, but enough has already been demonstrated in the case of Sir Hector to make it obligatory upon him, if he has any regard for his party or—to put it mildly—the niceties of political etiquette, to retire.

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That such a large and representative body of men as have filled the Grand Opera House during the past week are in the city representing Masonic lodges at the Canadian Grand Lodge of the order, was scarcely needed to convince our citizens that of all the secret societies in existence Freemasonry is the most powerful, for Ontario is but an example of the strength both in the quality of its men and the greatness of its numbers, of this remarkable order. While a very large number of men of light and leading are not identified with the order, yet the flower of the English speaking race either approve of it or belong to it. Though it is condemned by the Roman Catholic church, it is strong the world over in Catholic as well as Protestant countries. Mr. John Ross Robertson, who has been Grand Master for the past year and was re-elected to the office at this session of Grand Lodge, has been without doubt the most painstaking and hardworking Grand Master who ever occupied the position in Canada. Having both time and means at his disposal, he has visited the subordinate lodges and accomplished much by urging both small and great reforms. Admittedly he has been fearless and strong while doing his duty. John Ross Robertson is not what may be called a popular man; in some respects he may not even be a likable man. No man of strong individuality fails to make enemies. One thing, however, has been demonstrated, and that is that he is capable of filling a high and responsible position with dignity and devotion; that when he puts his hand to the plough he does not look backward but does his whole duty without fear or favor. He often impresses men as being bumptious, surly, oversuspicious, almost brutal in his bearing and the aggressiveness of his newspaper, and he is unfortunate in having many repellent qualities which insist upon coming to the surface, but beneath them there is a strong and rugged nature which as the man grows older and Fortune ceases to make him her football, is taking on more attractive and gentler phases. I know there are a great many people in Toronto who absolutely hate John Ross Robertson. I am not one of them, nor am I by any means one of his unqualified admirers. This, however, I can say, that with all his faults there is no man, in the opinion of many, who would make so good a mayor of this city as this self-same John Ross Robertson.

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The Fresh Air Fund announcement last week, though right as to total amount, was mixed as to initials, so I repeat it:

Previously acknowledged	$48 50
Workingwoman	1 00
H. (cheque)	5 00
Ontario Street	1 00
H.	5 00
Total	$60 50
This week:	
A Friend of the Children	5 00
L.	1 00
A Lover of Children	1 00
Thomas H. Carroll	5 00
Total	$72 50

DON.

Social and Personal.

Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell have engaged apartments for August at the Queen's Royal Hotel, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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Messrs. J. A. Gimson and F. B. Watson have left for Bobcaygeon for a fortnight's fishing.

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Mr. Horace J. Cobble, of the firm of Kerr & Cobble, has gone by steamer Mongolian to England.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daniel and Mr. and Mrs. A. Mills are summering at their pretty cottage Clovelly, Long Branch.

*

Miss Clements and Miss Moselle Clements of Robert street are away for a two months' holiday in Muskoka.

*

The Island Amateur Aquatic Association have been keeping their promise of plenty of fun and a hearty welcome to their visiting friends.

*

Last Saturday we had a very enjoyable couple of hours in the afternoon witnessing some canoe races and a tilting tournament, on Long Pond, by the members. The first race was a lady and gentleman tandem in canoes, Miss Evelyn Whitten and Mr. F. A. Rolph winning against two competing canoes. Second—Ladies' single paddling race was won by Miss Gazwski against two competitors. Third—Gentlemen's single paddling race was won by the president, Mr. Wade, against two competitors. The first event, a tilting bout, was most amusing, Mr. Harold Muntz, with Mr. F. A. Rolph as lance, against Mr. James P. Murray, with Mr. Ernest Rolph as lance, Mr. Muntz winning by two throws and carrying off bodily Mr. Murray's lance. In the evening, though threatening and cloudy, the usual number turned out to the concert and hop. The concert was from an unusually good programme. After an overture by the orchestra Mr. Cockin recited The Wreck of the Birkenhead, followed by a charming song by a most charming singer, The Fairies, as sung by Miss Chisholm, deserving an encore to which she kindly answered by Marguerite. Miss Francis in her recitation of The Goblins brought down the house, and was also encored. A reading by Mr. Grant Stewart earned him a recall, and a duet by Miss Chisholm and Miss Francis closed the programme. Among the new faces were noticed Mrs. Rutherford from New York, Mrs. Arthur Meagher of Montreal, Miss Rogers of Brooklyn, several members of the N. E. A., Miss Lance, Miss Maud Lance, Mrs. and the Misses Whitten, Mr. Nevitt, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Harry Boddy, Miss Donovan, Mr. and Mrs. Smellie and Mr. Wynder Strathy.

*

To-day, commencing at 3.30 p.m. the following events in water sports will take place on long pond: Boys' swimming race, tandem canoe race for girls, tandem canoe race for boys, tandem canoe race for ladies, single canoe race for boys, to wind up with either a polo match in the water or another tilting bout. Prizes for these and last Saturday's events will be presented during the evening concert.

*

Mrs. Charles Cooper of St. Alban's Ward is spending the summer at Murray Bay.

*

Mr. J. B. Eager, and his two sons Fred and Archie, sail to-day on the Parisian for Europe.

*

Miss Hildah Cooper, Parkdale, is visiting Mrs. Edgar, at Windsor.

*

Mrs. Botsford and sons, of St. George street, are at the International hotel, Niagara Falls. They intend visiting Skaneateles, N.Y., and the Thousand Islands.

Miss Agnes Corby, of Brighton, is visiting the Misses Waterhouse, 90 Major St.

*

Miss East has returned from a pleasant visit in Muskoka.

*

Mrs. R. T. Brown and Master Bert Brown of 264 Huron street are summering at Lorne Park.

*

Mr. Henry Brock and family of Upper Canada College have gone to Clear Lake for the summer vacation. They are staying at Carleton House, Young's Point.

*

Mr. Will S. Smith of the American Rattan Co. has gone South for the holidays to visit his sister at Raton, New Mexico.

On Sunday, July 12, at the Church of the Holy Spirit, Bath Beach, New York, Miss Emma C. Baillie of Toronto was married to Mr. William H. Wilson of London, Eng. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Henry J. Beagen of Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Houston Sadler of Bath Beach was best man. The bride wore a traveling costume of a very pretty gray material, and was given away by her mother, now Mrs. Henry Smith. Owing to the wedding being arranged somewhat unexpectedly, there was only time for a few verbal invitations. Miss Baillie, who is both graceful in figure and refined in feature, is one of Toronto's belles, while Mr. Wilson is well known in the upper circles of London society. The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony for New York and will make their wedding tour in Europe, sailing from New York by the steamship Umbria on July 25.

*

Mr. G. G. Mills and family are rusticating at Long Branch.

*

Mr. J. Enoch Thompson and Miss Amy Thompson have gone to England.

*

The Misses Kennedy of West Wellington street and Miss Kathleen O'Hagan gave a driving party to the Humber on Saturday evening last. The party included Misses Small and Magan of Hamilton, the Misses McGlynn, Ross, Gayfer, Eva O'Hagan, Wingrove (St. Catharine's), Padden of Toronto and Messrs. W. C. Kennedy, J. J. Ross, N. Dubois, Clarke, Murphy, W. O'Connell, F. Briscombe and Holtby and Dyer of New York.

*

Mrs. Bouchette Anderson, who has been visiting Mrs. Conolly in Dunnville, is now the guest of Mrs. Kenneth Stewart at Sutton.

*

Miss Amy Hope is visiting Mrs. McMurrich in Muskoka.

*

Mr. Tewamith of Dunnville spent Sunday in Toronto as the guest of Mrs. Hope, Henry street.

*

Mrs. Lloyd Mewburn and family of Hamilton are visiting friends on Washington avenue.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Esten Fletcher of Yorkville avenue have taken the water trip to Chicago.

*

Mrs. Percy Beatty has been sojourning at the Sand Banks and is now at Old Orchard for another outing.

*

Mr. Lee and family of North Ontario street are going to Mackinaw by water.

*

Mrs. W. C. Kennedy and Mr. Charles G. Kennedy have gone to Hutton's, Milford Bay, Lake Muskoka, for the summer.

*

The following are registered at the Ircquois House, St. Hilaire: Mr. J. B. Abbott, Mr. J. E. Logan, Mr. C. T. Hart, Mrs. P. M. Christie, Miss Christie, Mr. W. E. Christie, Mr. W. E. Price, J. A. Kinloch, M.D., Mr. C. Meredith, Mr. H. H. Henshaw, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Chisholm, Mr. H. Walker Dicken, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Mr. E. W. M. Fennan, Mr. F. Stephens, Mr. George Rsares, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Merrill, Mr. E. Henser, Mr. F. Wamham, Mr. G. Wiesenborn, Mr. C. Garth, Miss Mabel Casalis, Mr. H. Burkh, Mr. Armitage Rhodes, Mr. C. R. Christie, Mr. Chas. Holland, Mr.

(Continued on page Eleven.)

Queen's Royal Hotel

Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

Hops Every Saturday Evening During the Season

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PROPRIETORS

JACKSON'S POINT
LAKE SIMCOE

This favorite resort is being made more attractive than ever. The hotel has been refitted, the grounds have been laid out anew, six new cottages are ready to be let, tents can be had for a trifle, a planing mill is on the ground, and material for building can be had for half of city prices.

Steamer Kendrick connects with Barrie, Orillia, Bradford and Beaverton. Direct train connection via Midland Railway to Jackson's Point twice daily. Summer tickets for fifty miles at commuted rates.

Apply for terms, etc., W. & RAMSAY, Sutton West.

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A book for every woman who expects to put up fruit and vegetables for next winter's use. Here are plenty of choice recipes with such full directions that no one can go wrong. This means a great deal to the housekeepers—a saving of dollars and cents.

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How to can and preserve
Fruits and Vegetables

How to make
Marmalades
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Special Sale of Gloves During July and August

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MOUSQUITAIRE GLOVES
In all lengths and all the newest shades

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Misses and Children's Gloves in Great Variety

R. & G. CORSETS, IN ALL COLORS
A special line in summer corsets, $1.25.

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STECK, (New York)
BEHR BROS., "
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KNABE, (Baltimore)
} PIANOS.

Also a full stock of the now justly famous New Scale Dominion Piano.

Correspondence and inspection invited.

DOMINION PIANO AND ORGAN CO.

Warerooms: 68 King St. West.

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POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER

OCEAN

JOHN T. TOWERS, Master,
Leaves Hamilton 10 a.m., Toronto 4 p.m., every Saturday for Kingston, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Montreal. Fare from Hamilton, $8; return, $15. Fare from Toronto, $7 50; return, $14. For freight or passage apply to W. A. GEDDES, 69 Yonge Street, Toronto, or at Geddes' Wharf.

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BRASS FRUIT KETTLES
A full Assortment of all descriptions of Granite and Enamelled Ware.

RICE LEWIS & SON
(LIMITED)
Corner King and Victoria Streets

Between You and Me.

HERE comes sometimes a little modest query at the end of a little feminine note from my girl correspondents, asking, "Would I make a good hospital nurse?" And I sum up the various characteristics betrayed in the pretty little lines and wonder whether I dare say yes or no. For good hospital nurses are made from the queerest and most unpromising materials sometimes, and I muse in wonder over the lackadaisical girl, and the complaining girl, and the timid girl, and the wee, wee scrap of a girl whom I have seen enter upon the course of training for a hospital nurse, with my doubts of success only equalled by my certainties of failure, and who have dumbfoundered me by studying, working, passing, nursing, and curing in a burst of efficiency that is unreasonable and unaccountable and brings me down to the confession that whether a girl will make a successful hospital nurse or not is one of those things which "no fellow can find out" before she is put to the test.

•

Some months ago, Lady Alexandra Leveson-Gower, a cousin of the Marquis of Lorne, made a break for independence and usefulness by entering a London hospital as nurse. She passed successfully through her period of probation, but even the grit of Argyle broke down under the strain of work and watching that are the bitter bread of nursehood; and the Scotch lady came to her uncle's house in the great city and laid her down and died. She loved her adopted life so well that long after her health began to fail she continued to tend her patients, and literally spent her life for them, and now she has gone to her reward. I always am glad when I see a probationer going about her difficult and unsavory apprenticeship with steady eye and compressed lips and even paling cheek, for I know she is building up a foundation of self-control and power and determination, that will stand firm through any lesser trial than the training of a hospital nurse.

My fashionable friend, just home from New York, tells me that you must not have any more pleats in the back of your dress skirt, but gather them on a band, in the good old style, and she unearthed from her trunk tray a modish hat of chip with a widespread brim and a low crown, and all around the edge of the brim was a flounce of lace hanging down. That hat gave me a sudden unaccountable turn, and I stared at it blindly, not seeing the hat and the Saratoga trunk at all, but instead, a far off garden gate and a morning sunshine and a scent of seringa in the air, and a gentle voice saying, "Good-bye, children, now mind and go straight to school," and yours truly, Lady Gay, accompanied by a fat, handsome little boy in white "pinnie" and shoe ties, and freighted with a lunch basket, trotting obediently under the shade of the locusts, wearing, mind you, that identical lace-edged hat!

•

One funny feature of the late visit of Emperor William to England seems to me to be the implied compliment he paid to the naval forces by making his first appearance in the garb of an English admiral. I can't understand where the compliment comes in, and still less why the Royal family had to also doff their national costumes and wear German uniforms. How funny we should think it, were our Governor General to receive President Harrison in the faded coat of blue, with the bald-headed eagle and U. S. A. on his buttons! I don't think we should like it, as much from the outrage to our common sense as to our patriotism; but perhaps when one gets to be a duke or an emperor these two common-place virtues are laid on one side.

•

A most astonishing competition has been taking place since the Wilford Cumming trial, in a bright English paper. It was entitled, Shakespeare on the Baccarat Case, and consisted of various quotations from that famous writer which might be applied to the now notorious scandal. A host of readers sent in scores of quotations, culled from various Shakespearean plays, and it is really worth while reading them over, if only to realize how well the "sentences seem to fit the crime," as the Mikado has it. They hit and describe everyone connected with the affair, and seem as if written for it. The winning quotation has not yet been made choice of, but I don't envy the judges, for among so many absurdly appropriate it were surely a task to select the fittest.

•

There is pride and pride! Everyone knows the pride of purse with its overbearingness and ostentation, which arises merely from the sense of unwonted power and the joy of exercising it; and we all mildly put up with the pride of birth, which sits upon an "accident" about as comfortably as one could upon a carpet tack; and the pride of beauty which peacocks display in such a laughable way that one can't take much offence at it, but apart from all these, I came across to-day another kind of pride which had neither wealth, nor birth, nor beauty to feed on and which touched me infinitely. The proud woman was old and feeble, honest and clean, and the salt tears gathered slowly in her eyes and were promptly snatched on her snowy Irish linen apron as she listened to our unanimous advice to her to accept the care and charity of her church and find a refuge for herself in the House of Providence.

"You're too old to sell papers," said one, feeling in his pocket for a dollar bill. "And you can't keep up your house and pay rent any more." "And you have worked as long as you could, and have a right to be taken care of," said number two reassuringly; and the trembling old head nodded acquiescence, while the sad salt tears of old age fell bitterly. "It's the old Irish pride in me that makes it hard on me," was all she said, as she caught up her white apron and whisked them away. And I felt all my heart respecting and honoring the old Irish pride that had kept that old woman selling papers in rain and shine to keep the little home over an invalid husband and a helpless daughter; that had kept her sweet, and clean, and independent so long as her faltering strength held out, and I had to get away from her as fast as I could when I saw those crystal drops of old age's struggle against dependence, glancing in the summer sun.

•

One of my correspondents has sent me a pointer on a picnic place, which I can agree with her is very enjoyable. Everyone ought to go at least once to a Humber picnic every summer. And these days are ideal picnic days, cool enough, bright enough, and delicious moonlight evenings. But I am going to make a new departure this week and cross the Don, turn north and about four miles off find, what do you think? A cherry tree, (really the very prettiest thing in season just now), and beside the cherry tree a farm house, and inside the farm house two homely but hospitable women who have promised to "treat me well." And my alter ego (who races with me and sometimes beats me on her flying wheel), and two protecting menfolks, are banded together to find that cherry tree, and I fancy next week I shall have another jolly picnic to tell you about.

LADY GAY.

A Song of Bedford Street.

It's a long time ago and a poor time to boast of,
The foolish old time of two younger people's start;
But sweet were the days that young love made the most of—
So short by the clock, and so long by the heart!
We lived in a cottage in old Greenwich village,
With a tiny plot that was burnt brown and hard;
But it softened at last to my girl's patient tillage,
And the roses sprang up in our little back yard.

The roses sprang up and the yellow day-lilies,
And heart's-ease and pansies, sweet Williams and stocks,
And bachelors' buttons and bright daffodilies
Filled green little beds that I bordered with box.
They were plain country posies, bright-hued and sweet-smelling,
And the two of us worked for them, worked long and hard;
And the flowers she had loved in her old country dwelling,
They made her at home in our little back yard.

In the morning I dug while the breakfast was cooking,
And went to the shop where I toiled all the day;
And at night I returned, and I found my love looking
With her bright country eyes down the dull city way.
And first she would tell me what flowers were blooming,
And her soft hand slipped into a hand that was hard,
And she led through the house, till a breeze came perfuming
Our little back hall from our little back yard.

It was long, long ago, and we haven't grown wealthy;
And we don't live in state up in Madison square:
But the old man is hale, and he's happy and healthy,
And his wife's none the worse for the gray in her hair.
Each year lends a sweeter new scent to the roses,
Each year makes hard life seem a little less hard,
And each year a new love for old lovers discloses—
Come, wife, let us walk in our little back yard!

H. C. BUNNER.

Sailor (formerly brakeman on railroad on his first ocean trip to New York as the steamer enters the dock)—America—all out!"

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ARE you in the "swim of touch"? If so, you ride on the front seat of the wagon of progress. If not, you are at the tail end of the procession—a trudging along somehow, but you hardly know how. All who take advantage of this store's "annual closing out sale" have got into the swim—they're "in touch" with the closest dry goods prices knowable in this beautiful city. Not a department in the store where you cannot buy goods at prices that prevail specially and exclusively for this month.

Only telling time for one department, but it's illustrative of all. Shirtings, to wit: Beautiful angola shirtings at 25c. yard that you'd be paying much more for if this sale weren't on.

Heavy Shirtings, 6¾, 8¾, 10c.
Gingham Shirtings, yard wide, 11½c.
Oxford Shirtings, fine, 10c.

These Oxford shirtings make up nicely for boys' blouse waists.

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Artistic Dressmaking
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A NEW SONG
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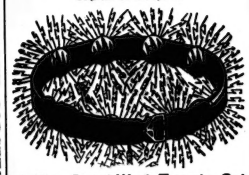

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The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's friend, for its merits are equal as a preventive and curative for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's cure.
The following are among the diseases cured by the use of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:

Rheumatism	Disease of the Chest
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CHALLENGE.
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where the current is under the control of the patient as completely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of cells. The ordinary belts are not so.
WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manufactured and sold than all other makes combined. The people want the best.
All persons desiring information regarding the cure of ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please inclose SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.
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May enjoy the pleasures of a lakeside home at moderate cost. Lorne Park is a delightful retreat, containing 90 acres of woodland, situated 14 miles west of Toronto, and is reached by the steamship Cayuga (10c.) and the Grand Trunk Railway (15c.). Hotel Louise is charmingly located, overlooking Lake Ontario.
Lawn Tennis, Archery, Boating, Bathing, Driving, &c. Evening entertainments. Sunday services. Telephone and Postoffice. Address
LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

Afraid of Sim.

A tall, rawboned woman with short hair parted at the side, and wearing a man's hat, rushed into the office of a Kansas City justice of the peace and wildly cried out:

"Hore, Jedge, I want divorce writin's drawed up right away! I ain't agoin' to live with Sim Higgins another blessed day, an' have my life put in jeopardy him. He's made his threats time an' agin, an' to day he hit me, an' I'm skeered o' my life!"

"Of course you didn't hit back!" said the judge.

"Aw, well, of course I defended myself; a pussun would natchelly do that, an——"

At that moment some of the tyrannical Sim's friends carried him into the court room. Both eyes were swollen shut, a good deal of his hair was gone, his clothes were in shreds, a map of the world was outlined in scratches on his face, his nose was twice its natural size and some of his ribs seemed broken.

"Jedge," he said feebly, "purtect me. Hide me where Alviry Higgins cayn't lay hands on me agin! Keep me out'n her clutches, Jedge. Throw me in a lion's den or run me through a threshin' machine if you want to, but don't let her tech me!"

"How's this, Alviry?" asked the judge.

"I jest defended myself," she said grimly. "I reckon any lady would in my place if a man hit 'em," and out she sailed seeking other sources of protection against the cruelty of mankind.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

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The steel is extra quality, non-corrosive, metal tipped, securely stitched and fastened in a covering of superior sateen. Can be relied on not to stain, cut through at the ends, or become detached.
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compared with other well-known Mineral Waters: "I find Godes-Berger much richer in its important ingredients, and consequently, in my opinion, SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TABLE WATER AT PRESENT KNOWN."
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THE PEER AND THE WOMAN

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

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CHAPTER X.

IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!

A careless servant had turned the venetian blinds the wrong way, and a struggling moonbeam had forced its way into the stately bedchamber. Across the dark crimson carpet it cast long, trembling bars of light, and shone on the stiff, cold sheets of the canopied bed and on the ghastly face of the man who lay there. But it was a great room, and the poor little moonbeams could do no more than feebly illuminate one very small corner of it. The rest was wrapped in a veil of thick darkness.

Silent as the dead! Silent as death! Common phrases enough, but singularly expressive. There was death in this room, death and a deep breathless silence. For it was the face of a corpse round which the moonbeam was playing. Skilful hands had bandaged his throat and laid out his stiff, lifeless limbs, and Lord Alceston, Earl of Harrowdean, lay in state, waiting for the morrow when his body would go to its last resting place.

Midnight had come and passed. One o'clock struck and the serene stillness of the chamber of death was unbroken. The perfume of many and rare exotics, with which the sheets were smothered, floated about in the darkened air, and the silvery rays of light which forced their way into the room glistened around the white wax like blooms. No one was there to watch the strange effect of the moonbeams, no one save him from whose eyes the light had gone for ever. The great house was hushed in sleep and the streets below were empty. It was the deep, awesome silence of night and of death.

Hark! A sound at last, breaking in upon the solemn stillness! A strange sound too: the low rustling of a woman's skirts along the broad corridor. Nearer and nearer it seemed to come, at times ceasing altogether as though she who approached were listening, then sweeping on as though reassured. At last it ceased just outside the door, then there was the stealthy turning of a handle, and a tall black form softly entered. The door was closed again. Again there was silence.

She moved towards the bedside, but slowly. Long before her dark form had emerged from the shadows the sound of her quick, anxious breathing betrayed her wherabouts. At last she glided out of the darkness, and stood between the window and the bedside, in the focus of the moonlight. The quivering beams played upon a face set and rigid as marble, ghastly and colorless, yet desperate. It was the face of the Countess of Harrowdean.

She was close to the bedside now, close to the mass of odorous, sweet-scented flowers, whose delicate perfume hung heavily about the close atmosphere; close to that white, rigid form, colorless as the damask sheets, most awesome, most fear-inspiring of all human sights—the corpse from which the last breath has departed, the last spark of life died out. Once those lips, now cold as ice, had turned against hers. Once those eyes, now closed and dim, had looked fondly into hers, now filled with a soft, gentle love light, now full of passion and fire, and she had loved him! God! How she had loved him!

Three times stooping down, until her breath fell hot upon his face, she stretched out her hand, and three times she withdrew it again. She turned away with a little moan of despair, like the last cry of a hunted animal, it seemed to her that her task was an impossible one. She could not touch him. It was sacrilege, desecration. It stirred into revolt all her emotions; she shrank from it as from some deed of shame, and yet—yet it must be done, and now. To-morrow the opportunity would have gone for ever. To-morrow he would be in hell.

Her hand descended again, and rested upon his arm. Ah! It was there. The hand which she had been holding dropped heavily from her nerveless fingers, and fell upon the sheets with a little thud. She staggered back against the wall, and leaned there, crouching back against it with her hands clasping her throbbing head, and her eyes riveted upon the sheets. Her white lips moved slowly in a half-uttered prayer. Go for strength, a little strength just to keep her from going mad.

When she moved again her limbs were stiff and her movements mechanical. Without hesitation she took up again his arm, and turned the shirt-sleeve up above the elbow. The long white arm, with its blue veins, lay exposed to the moonlight, and high up something was glistening and shining in the flood of silvery light. Her fingers closed around it, hiding it from view. For a moment her whole frame shook with excitement and then a little sob of relief burst from the trembling lips. She withdrew her hand and slipped something into the pocket of her dressing-gown. The long white arm lay there still upon its bed of flowers and perfumed linen. But something had gone—something which had been there when that arm had flourished a dripping sword and waved an eager regiment on to victory—something which had been there when that arm had trembled with the fierce gesticulations of the orator who was compelling the wild tumultuous applause of an excited Senate House—something which had been there when that arm which it had encircled had pressed by Royal fingers. Dangers and sickness, triumphs and glory it had seen and shared, high up some thing was glistening and shining in the flood of silvery light. Her fingers closed around it, hiding it from view. For a moment her whole frame shook with excitement and then a little sob of relief burst from the trembling lips. She withdrew her hand and slipped something into the pocket of her dressing-gown. The long white arm lay there still upon its bed of flowers and perfumed linen. But something had gone—something which had been there when that arm had flourished a dripping sword and waved an eager regiment on to victory—something which had been there when that arm had trembled with the fierce gesticulations of the orator who was compelling the wild tumultuous applause of an excited Senate House—something which had been there when that arm which it had encircled had pressed by Royal fingers. Dangers and sickness, triumphs and glory it had seen and shared, high up some thing had quitted the body and his life had gone out like a suddenly quenched lamp, it had remained. But severance had come at last.

Another sound breaking the heavy silence of the sleeping house! Slight though it was, she heard it, and the blood in her veins ran cold as ice from head to foot; she trembled and her shaking knees almost gave way beneath her. A footstep in the corridor! A light, firm footstep, drawing nearer and nearer. It stopped and her heart gave a great throb. She clutched at the wall for support, shrinking back against it with reeling senses and with dilated eyes fixed upon the door. The handle was softly turned; a tall figure entered. She with the quivering moonlight shining upon her ghostly face convulsed with terror, he barely visible, stepping out from the deep shadows, mother and son stood face to face.

CHAPTER XI.

GHOSTS.

At first it seemed to her as though she must yield to the deadly faintness which was already clouding her senses. Surely this must be some hideous dream, the figure standing so cold and ghastly in the moonlight, the uncovered arm, and her son's pale questioning face, stern and sad, looming out of the black shadows. Was it a dream and is it a dream? Alas, no for his lips were slowly parted and the death-like stillness was broken by his quick agitated words.

"Mother! You here! and—— What has happened? What have you been doing?"

"I could not rest. I came—to look at him—once more," she faltered.

He pointed to the disarranged white garments, to the bare arm of the figure on the bed. He asked no questions; he simply pointed and looked at her. What did it mean?

Nothing which she had imagined to herself had been so awful as this. That she should stand face to face with him, of all people in the world, and have to answer that look of almost fierce inquiry! What should she do? What should she do?

"I will tell you—presently," she gasped. "Ask me nothing now. I am faint. This has upset me."

With trembling fingers she re-covered his arm and smoothed down the draperies of the bed. Then she turned, half fearfully around. He was standing quite still waiting for her, with a white set look on his face that made her heart sink. He was her son, but he would be a hard inquisitor. What was she to tell him? Anything—anything but the truth!

"I cannot stop—here," she said. "Take me back to my room."

He stretched out his arm and she leaned heavily upon it. Slowly they moved across the darkened room and gained the door. Outside, in the dimly lit corridor, she seemed to breathe more freely.

"It was foolish of me—to come," she said in a whisper.

He looked down at her.

"You had a purpose!" Ay, a purpose! Had she not a purpose? And he was waiting to know it; he would try to wrest it from her. He—calm, strong and self-reliant, against her, weak, shaken and fearful. How was she to resist him—how to evade his questions? The thought of it made her shudder.

They had reached the door of her room and she had paused, hoping that he might go. But he only waited until she had passed in, and then he followed her, closing the door after him. She sank wearily into her low chair and buried her face in her hands. He drew himself up before her and spoke.

"Mother," he said, "am I asking you a hard, an unreasonable thing when I ask you to tell me what motive you had in going—there tonight, and what you have been doing? I think not. Why should there be secrets between us? Am I not your son, and was he not my father as well as your husband? I will never rest—never—until I have discovered the secret of his death. I have sworn it! Don't you feel like that, too? You must! Let us help one another in this? Our object is the same!"

He ceased and waited for an answer. None came. She kept her face hidden from him, buried in her hands, and he thought at first that she was weeping. But when she looked up he saw that the dry burning eyes were tearless.

"Mother," he went on, speaking more rapidly, "it has been a new idea to me altogether that there should have been any mystery or secret cloud in connection with—him. Yet sometimes of the sort there must have been, and—forgive me—but it seems to me that you must have known—must know—a little of it. What does it all mean? Neilison's flight, your strange manner, and your visit to his room alone, and at this hour? If you know anything at all—and you must know a good deal—why not tell me and help me to gain a clue? Surely you cannot wish his murderer to escape? God forbid!"

"It may be better so," she murmured. "Can you doubt but that God will punish?"

"That is what you said before, mother," he answered, "and I tell you again that God's punishment would be too slow for me. I cannot rest while this thing remains undiscovered."

She shook her head.

"Has it never occurred to you that this secret may be one which it were best the world did not know?" she said, softly.

She sank wearily into her chair, and he recovered from the blow. He thought of his father—a man of high, unblemished character, against whom scandal had never dared to utter a disparaging word; a man of firm and undoubted principles, a man who had lived over a score of the fashionable sins of men of his class; a man whom it seemed more than absurd to harbor such thoughts as her words suggested. No: if secret there was, it was a secret which would bear the light, and know it he must.

"In telling me you are not telling the world," he answered, "which is my father's own son and I have a right to know it. I am his avenger, and I will know it."

She looked at him calmly. Sooner or later this must be faced. Better now perhaps than at any time.

"Never from me," she said in a low firm tone.

He looked at her astonished.

"Do you mean this mother?" he exclaimed.

"I do."

"You mean that you will tell me nothing. You mean that though what you know might bring his murderer to justice you will still keep it to yourself."

"I do, Barnard. If at this moment I could see before me your father's murderer I would let him go in peace, I would not touch him. If he were alive, I am sure that he would rather that it should be so."

His lips quivered with disappointment, and a little too with anger. His mother's words only irritated him. Weak, feminine folly, what else was it. A milk and water doctrine of forgiveness that could no favor to this man's heart. His purpose was not shaken a jot.

"Will you tell me what you were doing in his room to-night?" he asked. "At least I ought to know this, as I found you there."

"No. I cannot."

He turned his back upon her, and walked to the door. She followed him with her eyes softened now and full of sad wistful light. He was her son, but only one, and she loved him. Surely he would not leave her thus!

"Barnard," she cried, "you are not going away without even wishing me good-night!"

He paused with his hand on the door-knob.

"I wish you good-night, mother," he said coldly without turning round; and he left her. The tears which had so long been denied her came at last. She threw herself upon the bed in a passionate fit of weeping, and her whole frame was shaken by tremulous sobs. When daylight streamed into the room and fell upon her haggard, grief-stained face, she was then still exhausted, sleeping a troubled sleep.

The early morning sounds in the street below awakened her, and she rose from her unmoved moving restlessly about the room. Every now and then she stopped, and pressed her hands to her burning forehead. Had ever woman to bear up against such misery as hers! She wondered. Surely no. Surely not. To the agony of her great loss was added now an overwhelming hideous dread. Slowly, but with a ghastly distinctness, the last night's scene in the death chamber passed before her recollection. He had discovered her! He had asked her that question, that one question which she would never dare to answer. He had left her in anger, in anger none the less terrible because it was so cold, so self-contained. He suspected her, perhaps—of what, she dared not think. Was it not for his sake as well as hers that she was fighting this battle? And she could not show him why! She could not show him why it were better—a thousand times better—to let his father's murder go unavenged—to let the whole terrible tragedy sink into the still waters of oblivion! She had lost her husband, and now she was to lose her son! What had she done, or left undone—herein had she sinned, that Fate should deal with her so cruelly?

The morning stole on, and the distant sounds of the awakening household reached her ears. For the first time she realized that night had come and gone, and as yet she had been unslept in. Soon her maid would be coming with her tea, and would notice—would talk and gossip about it below—the one thing which it was most necessary should be hidden. She stood up, disrobed herself, and crept within the sheets. She had no hope of sleep, nor did it come to her. The day dragged with so sore a heart and burning a brain as hers!

When Marie, her ladyship's French maid, softly entered the room about half an hour later and brought the dainty equipage to the side of the bed, she was shocked beyond measure to see the feverish light in her mistress's wide-open eyes, and the terrible ravages which a single night had made in her face. With her little hands stretched out, and her shoulders almost on a level with her ears, she was not slow to express her consternation.

"Ah! but your ladyship is ill," she exclaimed, volubly. "*Tres malade.* Mi adi has had no sleep! Ah! *quel dommage, quel dommage,*" she added, in a tone of deep commiseration.

Lady Harrowdean took her tea and made no reply.

"Not that any of us has had much sleep," Marie continued in a hushed whisper, with a half fearful, altogether mysterious glance around. "*Moi meme,* as for myself my eyes have not been once closed. It was not possible. Did your ladyship hear anything, anything strange in the night?"

Lady Alceston set her cup down, and shook her head. Her hand was trembling so much that she could hold it no longer.

"No, I heard—no sound. Nothing!"

"There were some strange, oh, such strange noises," Marie continued in an awed tone, and with appropriate gestures. "Several of us heard them. Myself. I was so frightened, that I did draw the bedclothes close around my ears, and did very nearly shriek. Ah, but it was horrible," and she wound up with an emotive little shiver, as though the memory of her fright was still oppressing her. Her ladyship turned her face upon her pillow and closed her eyes.

"Draw the curtains quite around the bed, Marie," she directed. "I shall try to sleep for an hour or two."

"It would be well for miladi," Marie murmured, as she obeyed. The bed was a French one and Lady Alceston was now invisible, out of sight of the tell-tale rays of sunlight and the black curious eyes of her maid.

"One moment, Marie," she said, as her maid was gliding softly from the room, "what sort of noises were those that you heard, and in what part of the house? I hope that no thieves have been about."

Marie paused and advanced again towards the bedside, glad to have an opportunity of resuming the subject.

"Footsteps and muffled voices, your ladyship," she said impressively, "and in the long corridor too, near—near—the room where his lordship lay. Thomas has searched in every place, *ce matin,* but there is no sign of anyone having entered the house and nothing is missing. We all thought that your ladyship must have heard them too, and we dreaded every moment that we should hear your ladyship's bell."

There was no sound from the bed for a few moments. Then her ladyship answered in a slow, deliberate tone:

"Foolish girls! you imagined it all. I was awake all night and I heard no noises of any sort. There could have been nothing to cause them."

Marie was perfectly unconvinced but dared express her dissent in no other way than by a shrug of her shapely shoulders and a most suggestive shrug too. Her ladyship, who was watching her through a chink in the curtains, frowned.

"If I hear anything more of this, Marie," she said quietly, "you or anyone else who mentions it will leave my service at once. Do you understand?"

Marie arched her black eyebrows. She was surprised, but she was too well trained a servant to show it. "Miladi's wishes should be obeyed," she murmured. "The subject should not be mentioned again by her or by anyone else if she could help it. At what hour would miladi please to rise?"

Miladi made no reply. Her thoughts were otherwise engaged. A certain act of imprudence had just occurred to her.

"Marie," she said abruptly, "there is a newspaper in my rocking chair. I want it."

Marie searched and shook her head. There was no newspaper there.

"Well, then, in the pocket of my dressing-gown," the mistress decreed, shaggily.

Marie took up the garment, shook out the folds, and felt in the pockets. They were empty.

"Then it must be on the floor by the side of the chair," her ladyship said, anxiously.

Marie went down on her hands and knees, and looked about in all directions. Again her search was unsuccessful. There was no paper anywhere about. She rose with flushed face, and with her coquettish little white apron all crumpled, and made her report.

"Bring me my dressing-gown at once," ordered her mistress in a strange, sharp tone.

Marie opened her wonderingly, in silence. She saw with surprise that her mistress's hands were trembling, and that she seemed deeply agitated. She seemed scarcely about together for a few minutes, but in vain. The paper was gone.

Lady Harrowdean was the first to abandon the search. Marie found her examination at once, with a little sigh of relief. She stood before the glass for a moment to straighten her cap and hair. Behind her own face there she saw her mistress's, and its ghastly expression frightened her.

"Miladi is ill," she exclaimed, turning quickly round.

"I am a little faint, Marie," was the answer. "Help me into bed."

Marie did so, keeping up at the same time a running fire of half admonitory, half consolatory chatter. Miladi had overtaxed her strength. She must have quiet and rest or she would not be able to attend the funeral. It was foolish to have got out of bed and upset herself about a newspaper. Thomas should go out and get another one. Would miladi order this? Would miladi say which newspaper it was and what date she required?

Lady Alceston made no reply. She seemed not to have heard—certainly she did not heed her maid's sympathizing remarks. When she had finished she said simply:

"Tell Thomas to go to Lord Bernard's room, and ask him to come to my dressing-room for a minute. I wish to speak to him."

Marie withdrew with her head in the air, a little offended. Miladi was making a great fuss about a paltry newspaper; and fancy sending for Lord Bernard at this hour in the morning. It was too ridiculous.

She descended into the servants' hall, and delivered her message to Thomas. Instead of obeying her orders he shook his head.

"Tain't no use, my dear," he said patronizingly. "Lord Bernard is bout."

Marie stamped her little foot impetuously.

"Nonsense! Gone out, at this time of the morning. You are too lazy to go and see, you—you—*grve fainéant!*"

Thomas grinned and sat down to his breakfast.

"Go it, mademoiselle," he said. "Call me all the names in your heathen calendar, if you like. It don't hurt me. I rather like it."

Marie tossed her head and looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Are you going to obey miladi and deliver her message to Lord Bernard?" she asked, threatingly.

"No, my dear, I am not," Thomas answered, crossing his legs and sipping his coffee slowly.

"And why not?"

"Because I don't know where to find him."

"He is in his room. He never rises before nine."

"Well, he has done this morning at any rate," Thomas remarked. "As I said before, he has gone out. I ought to know, for I let him out myself."

"Out at this time in the morning! Why didn't you tell me so before then, stupid!"

She stamped her foot at him, and whisked out of the room. Thomas leaned back in his chair and looked after her admiringly.

"What a little spitfire she is," he soliloquized. "Wonder what her ladyship wants Lord Bernard for so early. Seems queer! And his going out too, and them noises in the night. Dashed if it don't seem very queer!"

And he would have thought it queerer still if he could have heard the low muffled cry which broke from Lady Alceston's white lips after Marie had delivered her message and departed.

"He has seen it!" she moaned. "He has gone there. Oh! if he should—if he should—"

(To be Continued.)

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Nothing in Life for Him.

"Your honor," said a prosecuting attorney in an Alabama backwoods court, "the prisoner at the bar is charged with killing one of the exemplary citizens of this county. Andrew D. Boyson, your honor, was in every respect a model man. He was a beloved member of the church and was never known to be guilty of an unchristian act. Why, your honor, he was never known to bet on horses, play poker, drink whisky or use tobacco. He——"

"Hold on a minute," the judge broke in; "you say he didn't bet on horses?"

"That's what I say, your honor."

"And he didn't play poker?"

"Never was known to play a game."

"And he never drank liquor?"

"Never drank a drop, your honor."

"And he didn't chew tobacco?"

"Never took a chew in his life."

"Well, then," said the judge, leaning back with a sigh, "I don't see what he wanted to live for. There wa'n't anything in life for him, and I don't see why he ain't about as well off dead as alive. Release the prisoner. Mr. Sheriff, and call the next case."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Figs and Thistles.

If the baby, after it gets out of the cradle, is the same baby it was in the cradle, it is a misfortune it ever got out.

It is wrong to love your neighbor any better than your do yourself, but it is heaven's law that you shall love him just as well.

You blame Adam for the people that were lost through his fall, but who is to blame for those that are lost through yours?

There are people who pray in church for the Lord to have mercy on sinners, who talk about their neighbors every chance they get.

The man who lets his wife split all the wood may mean well, but he shouldn't be allowed to do all the talking at prayer meeting.

The man who joins church simply to make money out of his profession of Christianity, is a man the devil loves to shake hands with.

The man who tries to sing hymns and look into heaven with his hands on his brother's neck, will get very hoarse before he does it.

Saved men know two things that angels cannot learn. They know how great is the darkness, and how sweet it is to receive the light.

The chief workers in the supper and frolic departments of the church are not generally the first to get down to pray with people who are dying.—*Ram's Horn.*

A Future Find for Theosophists.

A little red and white flag floating upright above the water off the reporters' room near the Bangor office attracted yesterday's attention. "Hullo!" said he, and that brought a reporter, who fished the flag out with perseverance and a pole. It was nothing—a bit of bunting—a stick has nailed to a square piece of wood. So he put it back again.

Reporter No. 2 came, saw and pulled it out, and then put it back as before. So did Nos. 3, 4, 5 and 6

No. 5 procured a bottle, a cork and a piece of paper, on which he wrote:

Let me out to the margin of true minds
Admit impediment—Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds,
Nor tend with the remover to remove.

Having shown that he had read Shakespeare, he quoted Schopenhauer:

For the whole world is illusion and the instinct to live and the idea that life is pleasant when it is pain is the illusion, the delusive bate that persuades us to live.

Then he quoted Heine:

For Death is perhaps the last illusion.

Then he gave Death a rest and started on love again, and drew a picture of a Cupid and quoted Voltaire:

Whoever then art, thy master see,
Who was, who is, or is to be.

Then he went on to prove by quotations that love was the one thing people were put on earth for, and that all little things as inter-stellar spaces and aeons spent in transmigrative changes and such small matters didn't amount to a row of pins, but that love was a sort of gravity of the soul that could not be resisted. Then he signed the paper "Blavatsky," and put it in the bottle, and weighed the bottle and corked and sealed it, and attached the flag to it and set it afloat in the tideway.

"If that gets into the hands of a theosophist there'll be tea and feathers," said reporter No. 1. The men laughed and the sketch was scattered to get news. In five minutes no one remembered the incident. In four hours the bottle was there—it is still there.—*N. Y. Sun.*

It Was a Funeral.

Senior Partner—Mr. Tenawek, you said you wanted to attend your cousin's funeral yesterday afternoon, but you were seen at the baseball game. You appear to have told us an untruth.

Tenawek—I beg your pardon, sir. My cousin was pitching for the reds, and if it wasn't his funeral I didn't know anything about baseball. You should have seen the other fellows get on to his curves!

Strictly Domestic.

Uncle Hiram (at postoffice window)—What's the postage on a two-ounce letter, captain?

Clerk—Foreign or domestic?

Uncle Hiram—Domestic. It's to my wife.

Reforming.

A Milwaukee man's wife discovered six sticks of gum in his pocket this week and, insmuch as he chews tobacco, she was delighted. She told all of her friends just as soon as she could that her husband was quietly reforming for her sake and not saying a word to her. He could not understand why his wife was so sweet on him," as they say in the English language. And the reason why he was surprised we think we know. His wife told Mrs. B——, Mrs. B—— told Mrs. S—— and Mrs. S—— told her husband and he told us about the reforming. Now we have noticed a man in a restaurant, where we sometimes eat when our folks have company, and we have inquired of our favorite waiter girl why he seemed to be such a favorite. Our favorite replied that he was not such a heart-thriller in the restaurant as he seemed. She said he always carried gum in his pocket and gave it to the girls with a roguish smile; "but," added our favorite, "any man who thinks he can get into our good graces by giving us sticks of gum, just gets left. He's out his gum, see?" We saw. We have not yet secured a description of Mr. Whatsinname, the former, but we will get one, and meanwhile we will put up a subscription to *Peck's Sun* against two dollars that the profligate we have noticed in our restaurant is the alleged conscientious husband.—*Peck's Sun.*

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My Destiny.

Written for Saturday Night by M. C. Doyle.

"Oh, Annie, how I wish I could get away from this hot, dusty place, away to where there are trees and green fields. I think I would get better then. But how useless it is for me to talk in this way; of course we cannot afford it."

A long drawn sigh, that was almost a groan, concluded the speech. I, to whom it was addressed, answered not a word; I could not if I had tried. For months I had seen my poor mother growing weaker every day and although I did my best, I could not get for her the luxuries which she missed so sadly.

My father had been dead about seven years at the time my story opens. He had saved considerable money during his lifetime and after his death my mother had been able to live very comfortably and to give me a good education. Her money matters were in the hands of a lawyer of excellent reputation and in whom my mother had unbounded confidence. He died very suddenly and his funds were discovered to be very much involved. To put it shortly, my mother and her children were practically penniless. The shock threw her on a bed of sickness and I, then a girl of seventeen, was obliged to look around for some employment to keep us from starving. After many disappointments I obtained a place as assistant book keeper in a dry goods store, at a salary of six dollars a week. I thought it was a magnificent sum then. We were obliged to leave our comfortable home for two rooms over a store, which my little sister, Gertie, took much pride in making as home-like as possible, with the aid of such absolutely necessary articles of furniture as we had retained from our former stock.

The excitement of moving and the change of scene seemed to revive mother for a few days, but she took another bad turn, and the days were very dreary. For nearly a month, when I left home in the morning, I used to wonder if she would be alive when I returned. Then she rallied, but could sit up in the afternoons only.

When I had been in my situation for three months my salary was raised to eight dollars per week, and indeed we needed the money sorely. There were so many gaps for the money to go out, and all there was to stop the gaps was whatever I could earn.

The hot summer weather had come and our rooms were very close. It reminded me of the prison in Venice where the political prisoners were immured close under the leaden roof. How I longed to be able to send mother and Gertie away to some farm house where they would get plenty of fresh air and sweet milk. But there was no use thinking about it.

One of the partners of the firm in which I was employed had been particularly kind to me from the first day of my service, and he sometimes came to see my mother after I told him how ill she was. Nourishing dainties often came to her and we never could find out where they came from, but I had a strong suspicion that Mr. Anderson knew something about them. He was a tall, dark, grave man, almost twice my age, and seemed so far away from my sphere that when he asked to be allowed to walk home with me one evening and before we arrived there asked me to be his wife, the only feeling I had was one of genuine amazement. That he should care about such an insignificant little girl as I was, seemed to me very strange indeed. He said he would do everything in his power to make me happy, and would give my mother and sister a home.

"I do not want your answer now," he said. "I will ask you for it in a week," and then he was gone.

After our frugal tea I sat by my mother's bedside and tried to think the matter over. I looked at her pale face and our poor apartments, so low and stifling. I saw my little sister's cheeks losing their bloom, and her shoulders becoming rounded through constant toil. And now I had only to say a word and all this would be changed. Plenty, ease and comfort would be mine and theirs. Down deep in my trunk was the photograph of the boy lover for whom I had promised to wait, but I knew it would be years before he would be able to support a wife. In the meantime what might not happen? I might fall sick myself, and then what would become of mother and Gertie? Again, if I married no more money than I was getting now my mother would die and my sister would become broken down in health and spirits. While these thoughts were agitating my soul, my mother uttered the complaint with which my story opens. If only I could get away to some quiet spot and think it all out, I might reach a decision sooner. If I said "no" to Mr. Anderson I would be condemning mother and Gertie to perhaps years of poverty. If I said "yes," I must stifle a sweet dream that I had long cherished. It was so hard.

That night as I said my prayers, with blinding tears, I asked for light from Heaven to make a wise choice. Then I slept and my troubles were for a time forgotten.

Next morning my pale face alarmed my mother, who feared that my long hours and steady labor were telling on my health. If I could have laid my head on her shoulder and told her my troubles, but no, she would be too sympathetic, too forgetful of her own needs. No, I must fight the battle alone.

When I arrived at the office I was handed a letter, which proved to be from Mr. Anderson; he was going out of town for a week, and at the end of that time he would come back for an answer to the question he had asked me.

By the the time my office day was over, my mind was made up. I would make the sacrifice. What was I that my heart and its affections should stand in the way of the comfort and happiness of my mother and sister? No doubt I would come to like Mr. Anderson very much in time. I did not dislike him now. I had never looked upon him in any other light than as a kind employer, grave and retiring in his manner.

I wrote a long letter to my lover, Charlie French, telling him all the circumstances, and begging his forgiveness. After I had posted it, I walked along the busy streets and felt as though I had left behind me, somewhere, a new-made grave, and had started out in the world alone again.

The week had almost passed; in a few more hours Mr. Anderson would be home to receive my answer. Just as I was leaving the office a telegraph messenger came in with a despatch for the head of the firm. A railway accident had happened, and Mr. Anderson was seriously injured.

Mr. Clarke left at once for the scene of the accident, taking with him a nurse from one of the city hospitals. Mr. Anderson had no sister or mother who could go to him.

Next morning I heard that Mr. Anderson's right arm had been jammed between two pieces of timber, and completely smashed, necessitating amputation. He was being cared for at a farm house near the place where the accident occurred.

Three weeks passed away, and he was reported to be on the road to recovery. As it was but a few miles from the city, and the doctor could see him daily, it was judged better to leave him at the farm house.

One day Mr. Clarke called me into his private office. I knew he had some message for me, and I felt he knew what had passed between Mr. Anderson and me. He smiled very kindly on me as I entered, and asked me to sit down. "Jack has made me promise to take you back with me to morrow, if you will come!" he said, in the most unconcerned way, just as though it were a common thing for him to speak of Mr. Anderson to me as "Jack."

"Will you come?" I stammered a reply in the affirmative. "We will drive out," he said, "the fresh air will do you good; you have been looking pale lately."

The morrow came as all to-morrows do, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we started for the country. I seemed to have given up acting and thinking for myself and to have become passive in the hands of fate.

Of course I had to explain matters to mother and Gertie, and their undisguised satisfaction made me feel that I had done well.

I was shocked to see how changed Mr. Anderson was; he had become thin and wasted, and there was a drawn look around his mouth which told of hours of dreary pain.

His face brightened as I came into the room, and he held out his left hand. He looked searchingly into my face and seemed satisfied with the result. "I am only a wreck of the man I was," he said. "and I suppose I am a selfish brute to take the answer that I know you have given me to the question I asked you in my health and strength."

Well, gentle reader, I married Mr. Anderson and obtained a home for myself, my mother and sister. My husband was goodness itself, and left nothing undone that he thought would contribute to my happiness. I had always respected him, and in time entertained for him a quiet, steady affection.

Gertie spent two years at school and developed into a very beautiful girl. She and mother of course lived with me, and I think they were happy.

Charlie French having passed his last exam, had come to our city to practice his profession, and my husband, happening to meet and take a fancy to him, asked him to dinner. I had not seen him for four years, and I wondered how I would get through the ordeal. Before I dressed for dinner I looked at the old photograph, which I had never destroyed, although I had never looked at it since I was married to Mr. Anderson. When I met Mr. French in the drawing-room I could scarcely believe that this tall dark man, almost as grave-looking as my husband, was the ardent boy lover of my youth. I suppose he found me as much changed as I did him.

That was not his last visit to our house, and soon I began to notice the flush that came to Gertie's face when his name was announced. Finally, one day she told me that they were engaged and the strangest part of it was that the news did not give me one pang. I smiled to myself as I thought of the way Providence worked.

Charlie French's business grew very rapidly, thanks to the friendly aid of my husband who had a large and wealthy business connection, and in about a year their engagement was first announced, he and Gertie were married.

The last guest had departed and I had gone to my apartment to rest. I was thinking how curious it was that the thought of the "might have been" had given me no regret. In fact, since I had seen Charlie French again, I had grown more content with my lot.

A step outside the door, and my husband enters. He sits down at my side and takes my hand in his. "Annie," he said, "I want a story to day about you and French. I never heard before that you and he were engaged at the time I asked you to be my wife. It is not that I care about, but when I looked at him today and saw how young and strong and handsome he was, I grew wildly jealous of my wife's lover. Why wife, I have never asked you if you loved me. I know you did not at the time I married you, but I hoped to win your love in time. Tell me, have I succeeded?"

"Yes!" I answered.

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The Belle of Buzzard's Bay.

CHAPTER I.

"A QUEEN OF THE KITCHEN."

"Well, ——!" Dabney Fitch. Tell me what brings you to Buzzard's Bay?"

The handsome young fly screen agent's face flushed with pleasure when he stood on end, his nostrils quivered, his knees shook, his limbs trembled, his teeth chattered and his mind reeled.

"The same that brings other people greater than I—to reduce my wait," he said.

And then Bill Braddle knew that Dabney Fitch's rich uncle still lived.

"How long have you been here, Braddle?" and the newly arrived fly fooler looks around with his face as beautiful as a woman's. Yet, despite this, his complexion is white and fair.

"Oh, ages," Braddle replies; "lend me ten dollars." But Dabney Fitch ignores this, as is his wont. This was because of Braddle's want.

Then Braddle resumes: "Have you met the belle of Buzzard's Bay, Miss Pengilly?"

Again Dabney Fitch has an epileptic fit. "No," he answers.

"Well, here she comes now!"

They look down the beach and see a young girl, who would have been singularly beautiful but for her face, rapidly approaching.

Could he ever forget that girl?

Braddle stepped forward and did the honors.

"Mr. Fitch, this is Miss Pengilly." She held out her little ham-like hand and gave him the shake.

They had met before!

That night Dabney Fitch stood gazing at his Waterbury watch.

"I used to be a daisy," he murmured, "but it doesn't go now."

He was thinking of other times, and this was the second thought that came to him that moment.

CHAPTER II.

THE FINGER OF FATE.

Away down South, near the Gulf, stands a fine old baronial castle, with the sweet old home-like name of Scratch Ankle Manor. In the old days before the Simon Legrees came the Red River lived here. His mother-in-law was a Pengilly, and every summer the Pengillys used to come down and eat him out of house and home.

But the eldest daughter, Maggie Pengilly, was independent and paid for what she got by doing the house work at Scratch Ankle Manor.

One Sabbath day—it was her Sunday out—she went into the woods and fell asleep.

It was the very day that Dabney Fitch came along to sell some fly screens to Simon Legree.

He took the short cut through the woods. He heard a loud, roaring sound and paused.

"Why, they must have built a sawmill since I was here last," he said, and then he stepped forward to investigate. But he was mistaken. 'Twas but the dreamy sound that came from Maggie Pengilly's lips, telling but too plainly how deep she slumbered.

Dabney Fitch came upon the scene at last, but stepped back with a cry of horror! There coiled in front of the fair, young sleeping thing lay coiled a monster rattlesnake!

Dabney Fitch stood still, his breath suspended, his eyes standing out from their sockets.

He thought at first he had 'em again!

But, disabused of this idea, he crept nearer.

A bright idea came to him.

He looked again.

The snake had ten rattles and a button.

He reached forward and touched the button—the rattler did the rest!

CHAPTER III.

"FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY."

The cousin-cook did not get supper that night.

The family came down in the kitchen and had a cold bite.

Maggie Pengilly had had here that afternoon.

But she came down in the front room later, when old Simon Legree chased the can, and sang Trow Him Down McCloskey and Mary and John, while Fitch played the accordion.

Ah, these happy old hospitable times in the south land!

But on April 1 this romance came to an end. The fair young hired girl was out for a walk and Fitch followed her.

She started to run when she saw him coming, but he knocked her down with a club.

"No, I cannot let you leave me," he said as she would have fled away; "I love you. You must listen."

"Truly?"

"Yes, dearest, on the dead—like the roses at the wake—I love you."

The enchantment of first love was on her; she gave a tremulous snort and lay passive in his arms.

This gave his lover heart of grace and he threw away the club.

This displeased her, "for a woman loves to be wooed and won in a masterful fashion."

And then flashed through her throbbing brain the thought that Simon Legree, uncle as he was, did not allow the cook to have gentleman company. She gave one wild shriek and burned the wind as she ran through the foliage of the forest.

And this was why Dabney Fitch knew Maggie Pengilly when he met her this summer.

CHAPTER IV.

AT BUZZARD'S BAY.

There was a hop that night, thirty years afterward, when Dabney Fitch came to Buzzard's Bay.

Braddle told Fitch all he knew, and took away his breath, but returned it when he saw how inconvenienced the gentleman was by its absence and once more the handsome young fly fooler breathed easier.

So there was a hop that night.

As a general thing the dances were free and easy, but to-night the McCorley Association had paid big money for the beer privilege and it cost 10 cents a set to dance.

Dabney Fitch did not dance, but he watched with beating heart her sylphlike form spieling with Major Noarleigh. Watching his opportunity, he stepped to her side. She received him, as she did the others, with the sweet condescension of the girl who knows she has car fare back.

"May I have the next twirl?" he asked, anxiously.

"Nix," she answered, "but you may have the next after that."

"I am content," he murmured, and he stepped back as she started off in the Boston dip with Major Tony Noarleigh, the painter, who was devoting to-night his talents to the town.

"Paint pot never won fair lady," said Dabney Fitch as he looked on at the artist. "I won you once, my beautiful darling, as Maggie Pengilly the biscuit slinger, and I'll win you over again as the belle and beauty of Buzzard's Bay, before your freckles fade, my Connaught coquette.

At this instant the whole ballroom was startled by the appearance of Bill Braddle with a bloody head.

"I am a peaceable man," he cried, "but I can lick the tar faced tarrier that hit me with the liver!"

Maggie Pengilly gave a loud shriek and fell down in a faint. The lights went out now like the liver had just before and—this story will be found in its thrilling continuation in the next number of the Queen of the Kitchen. Price 5 cents, all newsdealers.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street west, beg to announce that they have just opened up a choice selection of "mousseline chiffon" challys and various other summer goods. Latest novelties in Parisian millinery and trimmings.

To the Point.

"Don't think I'm gettin' proud, Augustus Henry, because I ain't; but when a feller's only got a cent and that has to do for three persons, he don't want no hungry friends a follerin' of him!—*Life.*

He Knew Her.

"I want to contest my wife's will," said a countryman, breaking into a lawyer's office early Monday morning.

"I used to be!" inquired the lawyer, for want of something better to say.

"You bet," blurted out the visitor; "I wouldn't be contestin' it if she wurn't. You never knowed that woman, I guess."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Appetizing.

Diner—I believe I see several flies in this soup, waiter.

Waiter (in surprise)—You must be mistaken, sir. I was very careful to take them all out before I brought it in.

His Answer.

School teacher—Now, Bobble, spell needle.

Bobby—N-e-i-d-l-e.

School teacher—Wrong; there's no "i" in needle.

Bobby—Well, 'taint a good needle, then.

A Rival's Sarcasm.

Old Mr. Yallerby—Dar goes Mose Johnsing an' his gal like two souls wif but a single thought.

Pete Cooby (bitterly)—Yeah, dat's 'bout right. Half an idea in each ob their heads jus' covers it.

Two Neighbors and an Alarm Clock.

It happened about six o'clock one morning.

A man, with a flushed face and attired in a white robe, stuck his head out of a bay-window and yelled:

"Is that your alarm-clock?"

A snore was wafted through the window of the next house, and that was the only answer.

"I say!" yelled the man again, "is that your alarm-clock?"

"Huh!" came a muttered response.

"Is it your clock that is waking the entire neighborhood?" shouted the man.

"My clock?" came the voice again. Then, after a pause: "Hold on a minute and I'll see."

Then a draped figure, carrying a clock, appeared at the window of the next house.

"George! it was my clock," it said; "It never seems to wake me.

"Well, it wakes me!" roared the first man.

"And then you get up and wake me," returned the other; "that's kind of you."

"Yes, I get up and wake you, and some time I'll throw a brick through that window!"

"No necessity for that. You just swear at me and it'll rouse me all right. Suppose I leave this other window open, too. That would make it surer, you know, and I must get up at six o'clock. If you go away from home, you just let me know and I'll put the clock where it'll catch the man in the house on the other side, so that he can yell at me. I want to make a sure thing of it with one of you, for I never hear the clock."

Then he pulled in his head, and a boot-jack whizzed by and shattered a lamp post on the corner.

The Noble Indian.

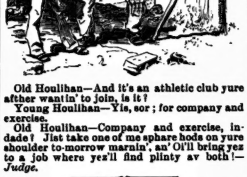
Tourist (on overland train)—A once powerful chief, perhaps, brooding over the rapid encroachments of civilization. How sad to see the proud head bowed in grief!

Once Powerful Chief—Ugh! no find cigar stump. Injun no smoke.—*Judge.*

For Future Reference.

He—Is your father wealthy?
She—Yes.
He—Is he old?
She—Very.
He—Mother dead?
She—Yes.
He—Is your temper good?
She—They say so.
He—Well, I'll make a memorandum and perhaps I may see you again before the close of the season.

Profitable Athletics.



Old Houlihan—And it's an athletic club yure afther wantin' to join, is it?

Young Houlihan—Yis, sor; for company and exercise.

Old Houlihan—Company and exercise, indade! Yis take one of me spikes hods on yure shoulder to-morrow marnin', an' O'll bring yez to a job where yez'll find plinty av both!—*Judge.*

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Sweetness and Light.

Mr. C. Archibald Sharpe—Newpop's little boy is dead.

Mrs. S.—I didn't know he had a boy.

"He hasn't. I tell you the boy is dead."

"I mean I didn't know he had the boy before he died."

"Who in thunder said he was dead? It was the boy that died, stupid!"

Fuddleton (to hotel clerk)—Gimme zer best room in zer houshe.

Hotel Clerk (blandly)—Sorry, sir; I'm full.

Fuddleton—Zhat so? So'm I. Good-night.

IN THE OLD, HARD RUT

Some women will persist in sticking to the old, hard rut through life, when the easy and pleasant road is open to them. For instance, many toil and slave over the washing, steaming themselves half to death, and rubbing their fingers sore to get the clothes clean; whereas if they would use "Sunlight" soap and follow directions, this Soap would do most of the work for them, and save the house from steam, and the clothes and hands from injury. Make up your mind to try it.

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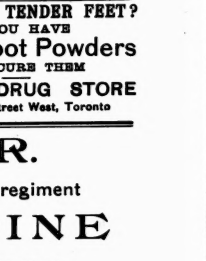

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VOL. IV] TORONTO, JULY 25, 1891. [No. 35

Notes on the Recent Invasion.

FROM fifteen to twenty thousand American school teachers left Toronto last week, and each one of these may be relied on to impress take an average one hundred school children with the idea that Canadians are decent people. Of course they are not wanting people to look with bilious eyes on the cordial welcome that the "Yankees" received. But remembering the power that the school teacher exercises, who can estimate what influence this invasion, which lasted but a week, may have on future legislation as to Canada in the United States. I mingled with the visitors pretty freely last week, and most of them seemed to feel as did the young lady from Kansas who said to me, that she thought that "the Toronto people were just the most hospitable people she had ever met." Later on she remarked that she had been hearing American national songs ever since she had been in Toronto, and that Canadians were bound that she should not forget her native country. This was a good move to show our visitors, that in love of their patriotic music the two countries stood on common ground. It takes music to arouse the finer emotions of any people, and the school children's concert of a week ago Thursday created a sympathy between Canadians and their visitors that will not soon die out.

Speaking of music, it seemed to be the general opinion that we paid more attention to training in music in our Toronto schools than was the case in any American city. And everyone will admit that on this account we have so much better schools, for, as Mr. Hughes expressed it in one of his speeches, "the children are the better and purer for every song they sing."

On the ground of the less influential subject of art, we do not compare so favorably with the American cities. In nearly all departments our schools were surpassed by the exhibits from American schools. Canadian schools and colleges seem to neglect too much the fundamental principles and to go in for tawdry display. Our schools show sadly the want of such a system as the Prang course, which will instruct the child gradually in the principles of color, construction, representation and decoration, with which an appreciation of the beautiful will be developed much sooner than when the child is given a picture to copy. He copies in an inferior way and produces something intrinsically ugly, but in his family circle he is regarded as a genius and his work as beautiful, and he goes drawing, apparently distempered dogs, to show on examination day and then take home and hang in the parlor. Such a course as was spoken of is needed also to instruct our girls in the canons of good taste, which the color department would do, and we would have better dressed women and hear less about "taste."

I do not think the Americans were here long enough to see this defect in our educational system, or else were too polite to say so, for nearly everybody I spoke to could find nothing wanting in our educational system. But if in this case we see ourselves as others did not see us, we can also see other people as they probably do not see themselves. A noticeable and very serious feature of our visitors was one that Charles Dudley Warner has before this pointed out—to wit, that Americans do not live on good food. To us Canadians with our fresh-faced and well-blooded women, the contrast was striking. The eastern people (with the exception of the Boston contingent that did one good to look at) were ill-nourished enough, but the southern people and the people of what one might call the middle-western states, looked in very bad case. In the Pacific states the improvement was marked, and I suppose that owing to the newness of the country the people have not yet got to eating inferior food. A system of substantial training in hygiene and physiology seems to be sorely needed in American schools.

I said that nearly everybody was satisfied with our school system, but one western gentleman, Mr. M. J. Garrett of Herman, Nebraska, and editor of the *Weekly School Journal* there, pointed out an objection in which many Canadians will at least partially concur. I give his opinions without comment. He said that the Ontario educational system was thorough and complete; that he expected to write many columns from the valuable notes he had taken here; but that, though he was a Sunday school teacher, there was one feature of our system that was distinctly wrong. This was the fact that we have other than secular training in our schools. He said that the agnostic or atheist had his rights of citizenship as well as every body else, while under our system if a man did not wish to have his children impressed in spiritual matters by the personal bias of the teacher, he was compelled to keep his children at home. He thought that the sooner parents were made to understand that the child's religious training should be their own duty and not that of the man or woman who teaches him arithmetic and grammar, the better for our educational system. This opinion from one, to whom the political discussions on the subject and the bad feeling that has been aroused through this feature of our system were unknown, is, to say the least, worthy of consideration. TOUCHSTONE.

Music.

M. Jules Emile Frederick Massenet, whose portrait we give this week, was born at Montaud, near St. Etienne, France, May 12, 1842. He was educated at the Paris Conservatoire, where his talents gained for him the first prize for pianoforte composition in 1859, second prize for fugue in 1862, and first prize for fugue and the much coveted *prix de Rome* in 1863. He afterwards became professor of composition in the famous institution. Among the younger members of the French school, Massenet holds a high position. His works are conceived in a spirit thoroughly in harmony with the advanced style of composition, and many of his writings are elaborated and executed in a powerful and dramatic manner. His operas are probably his most representative works, though his other works are worthy of high praise. He is best known in Toronto by

M. J. MASSENET.

his Eve, a mystery in three parts, which was performed by our Philharmonic Society on April 7th, when Mr. Charles Santley, Mrs. Anna Mooney-Burch and Mr. Douglas Bird sang the principal parts. Eve is among Massenet's earlier works, and was presented before the operas which have made his name more widely known. Some orchestral fragments played by our local organizations also serve to show the richness and elegance of his style. His principal operas are Le Roi de Lahore, Manon, Le Cid, L'Esclarmonde and Le Mage, the last of which created a great success at its first presentation in Paris last April.

Massenet's face, as will be seen from our illustration, is full of enthusiasm, youth, and freedom, without losing a reflective and serious air, and agrees with his music in its characteristics of tenderness, graciousness and dignity. Those of us who have heard his Eve will well remember the warmth and fire and tenderness in the love-passages between Adam and the first mother with its exquisite grace and freedom of orchestration. Similar characteristics pervade all his works. Le Mage, his latest work, has a libretto furnished by M. Jean Richepin and deals with a legend of the East, dating some two thousand five hundred years B. C. The principal personage, Zarastra, known to us as Zoaraster, personifies at the same time pure love, honesty, chastity, freedom and a horror of deceit. He is loved by two women of whom one, Anahita, is betrothed to him, but lacks at a certain moment the ideal faith in her *fiance*. The other Varedha is the priestess of the goddess of Pleasure. The contest between Good and Evil is symbolized in a poem purely heroic and tender. The illustration given on page one is the camp of Zarastra, as chief warrior of the Iranians, on his return from a victorious campaign against the Touranians, with immense booty and a large number of prisoners, among whom is Anahita their queen. Zarastra has an interview with Varedha, who seeks to persuade him to use his rights as conqueror, and relieve himself of his vows of chastity. The *air de la seduction* which she now sings, forms one of the greatest successes of the opera. Zarastra repulses her and declares his horror of Djahi, whose priestess she is. Her father, Amrou, discovers the true cause of Zarastra's objection to Varedha—his love for Anahita, and the two plot against the warrior. Zarastra demands of the king the hand of Anahita, but is met by a statement from Varedha that he is betrothed to her, in which she is supported by Amrou, and all the priests, forcing belief upon the king and even upon Anahita. The king orders Zarastra to espouse Varedha, who refuses indignant at all the deceit and ingratitude shown him. He goes to the holy mountain and invokes Mazda, the god of truth. Varedha again assails Zarastra with her supplications, and informs him of the approaching nuptials of the king and Anahita, which form a splendid picture in her the fourth act, with a gorgeous ballet. The festivities are interrupted by an attack by Touranian warriors, who come to release their queen from the bondage of captivity and a hateful marriage, and Zarastra returns only to find the ruins of his city. He meets Anahita, who declares her fidelity to him, but they are again disturbed by Varedha, who invokes the aid of Djahi, her goddess, and the lovers are surrounded by a wall of fire. Zarastra's appeal to Mazda, who is also god of fire, leaves them a passage between the flames through which they happily escape. The wealth of color and design in the oriental costumes makes Le Mage one the most magnificent spectacles ever offered to the Parisians, while the passions of love and jealousy afford Massenet opportunities for the display of his tender and passionate muse, of which he has not hesitated to avail himself most generously.

One of the greatest successes ever placed before a Toronto audience was the children's concert on Thursday afternoon last. The great Caledonian Rink on Mutual street was crowded. The word "crowded" will hardly convey a proper idea to those who were not there. It is a much abused word in concert notices, but in this case even its literal sense fails to impart to the reader the proper representation of the mass of people who were in the building. After all the chairs were occupied Mr. J. L. Hughes, who was chairman, called upon those sitting on them to move up to the platform, "as near as you can get," and lo, another thousand people flooded in from the Dalhousie street doors! All the seats in the place were occupied on floor, gallery and platform and every inch of standing room was used, and for two hours and a half these thousands enjoyed themselves without a murmur of weariness and without a single departure from the rink. The concourse, children and all, was estimated by various authorities as between seven and ten thousand. My own idea is that the former figure was slightly exceeded. The audience was certainly the largest ever gathered at a musical entertainment in Toronto.

*

The members of the N. E. A. may have heard such large choruses of children at former meetings, but I venture to say that they never heard better singing from such gatherings. Mr. Cringan deserves the greatest credit for the excellent work done by his forces. The swing and dash which characterized the Dominion Day concert were again noticeable, and the visitors, one and all, were carried away with enthusiasm. Every number was applauded and some had to be repeated. The display of maple leaves and Union Jacks at appropriate points, especially, was a powerful incentive to enthusiasm and excitement. The repetition of the Star Spangled Banner by the band led to an exhibition of international courtesy, expressed by cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs that did much to impress our visitors with the idea that the Canucks are not such a bad lot of fellows after all. The light of joy and of approbation shone in every face in the audience, and in those of the children more than all. The children sang the same pieces as at the previous concert, with some appropriate additions. The band of the Grenadiers played several selections in splendid style, one of which, American Battle Songs, was most warmly received by the audience.

*

The Mozart Quartette sang three quartettes in fine style, the four large, full voices showing themselves fully capable of being distinctly heard throughout the immense room. Some of the fine effects of the quartette singing were lost to those at the rear of the room owing to the noise and movement going on there, but in the main the fine timbre of the voices enabled their shading to be enjoyed thoroughly. Mrs. Clara E. Shilton gave a fine rendition of Gounod's Beautiful Maiden. Her voice is full and strong enough to abundantly permeate every part of the rink, a result that its fine quality and good carrying power contributed to. As an encore she sang Katie, Come in and Shut that Gate! Mr. Harold Jarvis sang The Death of Nelson, with band accompaniment to the great delight even of the Americans who demanded a repetition. Mr. Schuch's rollicking Simon the Cellarer, pleased the audience so well that he, too, had to sing another song, the Friar of Orders Grey being the one selected.

*

The musical part of the convention closed on Friday evening, when the fine bands of the Queens Own Rifles and of C Company gave a promenade concert at the Granite Rink. An innovation was very successfully introduced at this entertainment, when the Mozart Quartette sang a number of pieces in the open air with charming effect. The voices blended finely, and all their members were encored. Mr. Jarvis again treated the visitors to the Death of Nelson, with the inevitable encore.

*

Organ vacancies seem to be growing in number just now. Bond Street Congregational Church has not yet found its man, and now St. James' Square Presbyterian Church is advertising for an organist and choir-master. Sig. D'Auria having resigned that post in order to devote himself more entirely to his teaching practice. I also hear mutterings as to other organs in large churches in the city.

*

I have received a complete set of the examination papers in the Theory of Music, prepared by Mr. Arther E. Fisher, Mus Bac., and used at the Conservatory of Music here at the close of its year. The primary papers are in harmony alone; the intermediate papers cover harmony and counterpoint, and the final papers are in harmony counterpoint, canon and fugue, instrumentation, and musical form and musical history. They are very carefully prepared and are of a degree of difficulty that should make the diploma of the Conservatory a most desirable distinction. I understand that the percentage required to pass is sufficiently high to make the papers a serious matter to those writing at the exams.

*

Miss Susie Ryan, who has been studying the vocal art in Germany for the past three years, is now at home, and I am sure all Torontonians who recollect her beautiful voice will join me in wishing that we may soon hear it again.

*

Dr. Frederic Louis Ritter, the director of music at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, has just died at Antwerp, at the age of fifty-six. He was born at Strasburg, and pursued his studies in France and Germany. In 1862 he came to America, and lived in New York for some years, and in 1867 was appointed director of music at Vassar. His musical writings were all in the shape of articles and translations. His character personally and musically stood very high.

*

I have received the midsummer number of the Chicago *Presto*, a smart, progressive little weekly devoted to music and the music trades. This number is especially interesting, giving as it does the reports of the annual conventions of music teachers' associations of the states of Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Connecticut and New York. METRONOME.

The Drama.

THE current number of the *Trinity University Review* has an interesting article by Rev. Prof. Lloyd on the Antigone of Sophocles. His introductory summary of the Greek Drama is worth reprinting: The Greek drama was religious in its inception, and Greek plays were produced at the festivals of the gods. The decay of religious sentiment caused the festivals to languish, and with them languished the creative vigor of tragedy. But Greek religion was, further, indissolubly bound up with the national sentiments of Hellas. It was the connecting link between the various Greek states; the worship of common gods, and the participation in certain common festivals were among the marks that differentiated the Greeks from the barbarians. When Philip of Macedon struck the first blow at Hellenism, he not only commenced the destruction of the Hellenic religion, but also undermined the foundations of Greek tragedy; for when the religious and patriotic sentiment was gone, there remained in Greek tragedy too little of the popular element necessary for the production of a really lasting drama.

The writer of Greek tragedy was hampered in his composition by many rules, not only arbitrary in their character, but difficult of execution.

He was tied hand and foot by the Law of the Unities. No play was to represent a period of time longer than that which was absolutely necessary for the acting of it. Change of scene from one place to another was forbidden; there had to be an absolute unity of Time and Place.

Again, in the choice of subjects the playwright was terribly hampered. Æschylus has one play—The Persæ—based on contemporary history—the Persian invasion of Greece; Phrynichus was fined heavily for harrowing the feelings of his Athenian spectators by a dramatic representation of the Siege of Miletus. The subjects of tragedies were such as could be adapted to the sacred or semi-sacred character of the festivals at which they were presented—the tale of Troy divine, the story of Thebes, or the legends of national gods and heroes, such as Dionysus or Heracles. This confined choice of subjects produced what it really could not help producing and what is the weak spot in the whole of the Greek drama, a poverty in the plots, a want of variety in the incidents, a general sameness in the structure and handling. It alone was sufficient to have produced the decay of the drama.

In the handling of the plays the Greek playwright was further terribly hampered by a rule which limited the number of actors allowed to be together on the stage, at one time to two, and later to three actors; also by another rule which forbade him to exhibit on the stage anything of a nature calculated to shock the feelings or to make his spectators feel uncomfortable. Murders, deaths, suicides and the like were never acted on the stage. These were related in long speeches by messengers and the like. Æsthetically this may have been right—but it spoiled the acting.

That in spite of all these difficulties the Greek tragedians produced plays which have ever since commanded the admiration of the educated world as being masterpieces of the human intellect, is a great proof of their surpassing genius. Had they been less hampered, we are disposed to say, they would assuredly have surpassed themselves. Or was it the very difficulty of their restrictions that forced them to exhibit talents which, under more favorable conditions, would have lain dormant? We cannot say—all we know is that they produced masterpieces.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, who is a Toronto elocutionist and a young lady of striking figure and unusual beauty, has been for the past two years a student in New York. Until the death of Boucicault she was a favored pupil of his School of Acting and in New York made many friends and received what is very rarely awarded to amateurs of that city—much praise from the press. The *Herald* spoke of her acting as "charming," and the New York *Home Journal* gave her the following flattering notice:

Boucicault's comedy, London Assurance, given at the Berkeley Lyceum before large audiences on Wednesday and Thursday evenings of last week, was saved from the usual monotony of amateur theatrical performances by the excellent acting of Miss Alexandrina Ramsay as *Lady Gay Spanker*. Miss Ramsay showed not only a fine conception of the *role*, but has in her appearance and manner the indefinable indications of genius. Appreciation of her fine acting was evidenced by frequent and hearty applause.

At a private rehearsal given in a Jarvis street parlor before a small but critical audience—one of whom was the writer of this paragraph—Miss Ramsay was pronounced the Canadian queen of tragedy. Her beauty of face and voice, together with her unusual height, suggested to one of her hearers the *sobriquet* of "a six-foot Mary Anderson."

When Lillian Russel produces La Cigale, as she is going to do when the season opens in the fall, people will be sure to pronounce the name of the play in as many different ways as that number of syllables is capable of being twisted into. Just one of these ways will be right, and that will be the combination that sounds like this: "La see-gal," the "a" in the first and last words being flat like "a" in "at" and the accent on the "see." Practice on it during the summer so that you will be able to show other people, who haven't read this paragraph, how it should be done.

A Total Loss.

Briggs—Did you hear about Robinson losing his new flannel shirt?

Griggs—No. How did it happen?

Briggs—He got caught in a shower.—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

An Eye to Economy.

Mr Ipstein (from St. Louis)—I vants to get me a thicket to Springfield.

Ticket Broker (crustily)—Which Springfield—Massachusetts, Illinois, Missouri or Ohio?

Mr. Ipstein (warily)—Vich is dhe scheapest?

In Days to Come.

For Saturday Night.

If I could know to-day
That in some far to-morrow you would long
To hear again the rapid's purling song
About their boulders gray,
That in some homesick moment you would fain
Be drifting thro' this sunlit June again—

If I were sure that you
Would sometime wish with all your heart to be
Adrift, and dreaming, while you shared with me
My wandering canoe,
I would not dread the shore of future days
That we must touch—then take our sundered ways.

If I could but believe
That sometime when you see a sunset sky
You will recall the night that you and I
Watched all the colors weave
Their wine-like glories 'round the western gate,
I would not ask a dearer thing of Fate.

I think, could I but know,
When Indian summer smiles with dusky lip,
You still will crave to hear my paddle dip
In rapids laughing low—
Then I would be assured beyond a doubt
Your heart had not—exactly, barred me out.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Washed Ashore.

For Saturday Night.

Tossed amid the surf that smothers
It and others
With an effervescent spume,
Is a splintered part of rudder:
Think and shudder
At the shipwrecked sailors' doom.

Relic of that hapless vessel,
That did wrestle
With the tempest's fury long,
Ere upon the rocks it stranded
And disbanded
Where the surges shoreward throng.

This, beneath the surface hidden,
When the bidden
Helmsman turned the steering-wheel,
Shaped her course and held her steady,
Trim and ready
Every gust of wind to feel.

But the ship, with rudder broken,
Was, when spoken
By a craft that passed her by,
Helpless on the billows tumbling
Near the rumbling
Breakers on the coast of Skye.

Yonder flotsam, leeward floating
And denoting
That an argosy was lost,
Was her cargo when she drifted,
And was rifted
On the rocks where she was tossed.

Strewn with driftwood from life's ocean
Of commotion
Reaches we of Virgian shore,—
Token of what fate betided
Men unguided
By a purpose strong and sure.

Aimless ones, avast your drifting
With the shifting
Breeze of fatal circumstance,
And the undercurrent, folly!
Melancholy
Is their end who trust to chance.

Toronto. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

In The Midnight.

For Saturday Night.

In the midnight the flowers are sleeping
In the garden. Adroop is each head
And closely enfolded each petal
The perfumes alone which they shed,
And are scattered by soft errant breezes
Thro' the deep shade plutonian tell,
That there, tho' obscured by night's blackness,
A legion of flowers dwell.

But at morn, when the orient blushes
With tints which dawn's angels prepare,
'Twill reveal in their beauty and freshness
The blossoms now slumb'ring there.

At midnight the stars, heaven's flowers,
Are asleep in the blue fields o'erhead,
The clouds, floating slow thro' the ether,
Like covetous ones o'er them are spread.
And 'tis only the few patient watchers,
A guard thro' the lone drifting night,
Which show that beyond the mist-curtains
A bevy of stars shed their light,

But where the air-spirits, now fetter'd,
Breaking free, shall dispel the thick gloom
Of the clouds they'll reveal in rich splendor,
The vast fields of heaven, abloom.

In thy midnight, oh heart! then remember,
When darkness and clouds hide from view
The stars, which but late in your heaven
Shed dazzling radiance on you.
If the flowers of hope have been wither'd
By the death-chilling blasts of despair
And your soul only knows they have flourish'd
From the roots deeply buried there:
When the dawn of eternity crimsons
The sky with a glorious light
That the heavenly morn will seem brighter
For the gloom of earth's shadowy night,

A. L. MCNAB.

A Memory.

For Saturday Night.

Summer winds are softly blowing,
Birds are singing everywhere,
Joyous notes of sweetest music
Seem to float upon the air.
Nature seems so wondrous happy
And so full of beauty too,
Waves are rippling in the sunlight
Skies are beautifully blue.

And above my head the murmur
And the rustle of the leaves
Make a pleasant strain of music
With the song birds in the eaves;
And the swaying of the branches
As the wind sweeps overhead,
Whisper sadly to my fancy
Of a friendship ended, dead.

Happy birds and gentle music
Wafted by the summer wind,
Wakening in my heart remembrance
Of a scene now far behind,
Do ye know ye bring a memory
Pleasant, yet a little sad,
Of a face I shall remember
And a pleasant talk we had,

Grave and serious in its import
Ending in some pleasantry,
Like a happy dream or vision
Leaving but a memory.
Yet the memory of that evening
Lingers still; in after years
I shall know the joyous sorrow
Was too deep enough for tears.

Life is made of little pleasures,
Hearts are often strangely stirred?
Simply by the passing memory
Of a face or voice once heard.
Golden fantasies are woven
Tenderly, yet all in vain,
Hearts entranced in aching wonder
Nevermore to meet again.

ELLA MAUDE.

Noted People.

The author of The Deemster, Mr. Hall Caine, is said to be suffering from nervous prostration, the result of overwork.

The Chinese minister and his wife, at Washington, have been holding a ten days' celebration over the recent birth of a daughter.

Charles G. Leland has made what may be termed a monumental translation of Heinrich Heine's works. It is to fill thirty volumes.

Robert Louis Stevenson brags over the fireplace and Chippendale furniture in his Samoa house as the only specimens of the kind on the island.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland is Vice-President of the New York Free Kindergarten Association, and is much interested in the education of poor children.

There is a Mr. Jones in New York who has a glass eye, a complete set of false teeth, a cork leg, a wig. His wife says, "with all his false she lives him still."

Ellen Terry's attack of lung disease has been sufficiently subdued to allow her to return to the stage, and she hopes to escape any permanent throat troubles.

The British Government has bought and will restore Dove Cottage at Grasmere, the former home of Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, and afterwards occupied by De Quincey.

John G. Whittier has presented the desk on which he wrote his earliest poem, to a gentleman in Portland. It was an heirloom in the poet's family and had seen nearly two hundred years' service.

Queen Victoria is much interested in stock-raising and sold her yearlings this season for 345 guineas—a reduction from last year, when they brought her 715 guineas. She received for a colt the highest price, £400.

General Booth, of the Salvation Army, who asked for £100,000 with which to regenerate some of the social conditions of London, announces that he has received £10,000 more than that sum, and is promised an additional £10,000.

Eugene Field is writing his first novel, which he calls The Wooing of Miss Woppit. The story is fanciful and tender, with a dramatic *denouement*. Mr. Field lays the scenes of his story among the mining camps of Red Horse Mountain.

A prize offered by the *Times*, of Manchester, England, for the best composition on The Best Book and Why I Like It, has been won by an American girl, Jessie Sudlow of South Carolina. She is only seventeen years old. She chose Scott's Ivanhoe for her subject.

The name of Casablanca has won another title to renown as being the family name of the artist who has recently completed a successful portrait of Queen Victoria. Miss Casablanca had previously painted a picture of Lord Salisbury for the Constitutional Club.

Mr. Albert Smythe has met with much success and encouragement in the reception of his volume of poems, reviewed in these columns recently. Mr. Smythe has received complimentary letters from both the Earl of Dufferin and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Mrs. Grimwood is only the second woman who has ever received the Royal Red Cross, the other having been Florence Nightingale. It is a crimson cross bordered with gold, and is fastened to a dark blue ribbon with a red edge. Upon the cross are the words, "Faith, Hope, Charity."

Tennyson's health is so much improved by his recent Southern trip that he has been yachting with his son along the southern coast of England. He is fond of this sport, as he is of walking, and he has always had a *penchant* for horses and dogs, although he lacks the devotion to field sports that usually characterizes the Englandman.

Puvis de Chavannes, who succeeds Meissonier as president of the National Society of French Artists, is a great painter of frescoes, and has decorated the walls of many public buildings in Paris and the provinces. He is well advanced in years, tall, intellectual, and an elegant gentleman. It is hardly necessary to say that he does not share his predecessor's unreasonable hatred for Americans.

T. B. Aldrich is described as a rather short, brisk-looking man, resembling more an active man of business than a poet. He does not show his age—a circumstance which he says is "due to having been born young, and the habits of early youth are not easily shaken off." He has a pleasant home on Mount Vernon street, Boston, and his study is full of literary curios presented to him by men of note in this and other countries.

The first blind person to pass the examination of the American College of Musicians, New York, is Henry Tschudi, who came from Corinth, Mississippi, and has been a pupil in the New York Institution for the Blind for the last six years. He has from childhood shown a talent for music, and now, at the age of seventeen years, handles the pipe organ as well as an organist with two good eyes.

Young Mrs. Oscar Wilde is said to be a great contrast to her husband. She is very quiet, while he is rather loud; she is inclined to be commonplace, while he is brilliant in conversation. He has laid aside his æsthetic and eccentric dress since he became stout, and is now clothed like the ordinary nineteenth-century Englishman. His mother, Lady Wilde—who is also known by her pen-name of Speranza—shows no signs of advancing age. She is a wonderfully accomplished old lady, speaking seven languages fluently. She is an enthusiastic advocate of the Irish cause.

William Lidderdale, who is known as the hero of the Baring crisis, in that his financial statesmanship not only saved the great firm of Baring Brothers from collapse but also prevented the shock to the business world that must have resulted had the house gone down, is a Scotchman by birth, and fifty-nine years old. He began life in the employ of a Liverpool business firm, became a partner, and for over twenty years has been a director of the Bank of England. For his assistance in the Baring affair he has received the freedom of the city of London in a gold casket, which is eight inches long, six inches high, and four wide.

A Photographer's Gallery from Behind the Ruby Glass

O mysterious it all is, no wonder you want to investigate. What is this thing carefully hidden from sight, slid into the camera, slid out and rushed away with?

You impress the Knight of the Lens with the earnestness of your search for knowledge, and if you are in rare good luck, that is if he is a wonderfully good-natured fellow and thinks you have sense enough not to spoil everything, he may allow you to accompany him into his holy of holies, the developing room.

The only light in this queer little den comes through a ruby glass window looking—oh, horror!—directly upon the operating room, where but a brief quarter of an hour ago you ambled and strutted and posed, thinking yourself all unseen.

Don't you call that unfair? Now don't you? The dark-colored glass is never noticed from without, and thus is the vanity of poor human nature laid bare to the man in the dark-room. This of course is a secret of the profession and altogether *entre nous*.

The mysterious thing is uncovered now and your curiosity supposed to be perfectly satisfied, when you are told that it is the "sensitive plate" on which the "negative" is made. Thereupon your expositor pours some yellow-ish acid over it, and, behold, you are appearing upon the glass as if, indeed, a wizard had summoned your second self from an unseen world. If you are gentle and come with slow and measured pace he treats you mildly; if you flash at him as though your temper were some what out of joint, he douses you with soda; but by your mood what it may, he leaves you to "fix," then plunges you headlong into a cold bath—and this unceremonious treatment he calmly calls your "development."

But while you are trying to understand his technicalities, in comes a "sitter." You see him through that ruby glass and—yes—you are base enough to look with all your eyes. So does the photographer who motions you to be silent. The new victim squares his shoulders, stiffens his knees and reminds you of Gibraltar. You like him—he is so very unfeminine. You like the impatient way he shakes his hair back and he fairly delights your heart by the scowl he gives the camera; a scowl that would cut up into a whole score of ordinary frowns.

You wonder if the operator is shaking in his shoes; you feel symptoms of palsy yourself and are only sure of your safety when the negative is made and the fierce man gone. You are sure he thought the whole thing a "confounded piece of nonsense" and you like him for that too, and wonder who coaxed him to do it and how she managed it.

The cap has scarce returned to the lens when a cry is heard from below stairs.

The assistant's eyes roll dolefully toward his chief, who, with a thin plating of imitation patience covering a whole manful of desperation, stands listening while that dismal wail ascends to heaven—and to him. The baby sitter and, of course, its mother!

Now the fun commences. The baby is coaxed and wheedled and frightened. A bell is rung, a stuffed kitten is produced, the curtains are shaken in vain. The dear little things' face is nothing but a chasm surrounded by a myriad of wrinkles.

Suddenly the assisting genius is inspired to shake his thick black hair temptingly near the little fists. There is a gulp of glee, the vicious baby fingers go to work, and the sitter is pacified.

Would you believe it? That mother is so unreasonable that she positively refuses to have her son and heir immortalized in this interesting occupation and shows a most unaccountable mal-appreciation of the inspired head.

Here is a new difficulty. What is to be done? Time is money, for there are already other sitters in the waiting room.

By and by, when you have laughed yourself tired, the deed is done, and his babyship is carried off in triumph, while the weary operator takes refuge behind the ruby glass.

Only for breathing time, however.

Footsteps—voices. Ah! a youth from the country. How smooth and shiny and solemn his hair is. The girl beside him is evidently from away back too, and they want a "pictur."

No instantaneous plate is needed here. They will be neither troublesome nor critical; so long as they are placed close, very close together, the "exposure" may be for years or it may be for ever—they will find no fault.

The "pictur feller" has a keen eye, be sure. He goes forth quickly, places them any way, any how; nothing can make them picturesque, except indeed their every-day attire, and so the photograph is made. You have stopped smiling for you know they are wondrously happy, and in spite of all their awkwardness you envy them just a little. Perhaps you remember that same light in other eyes, beautiful eyes and dear ones.

Next comes a little chap who does your heart good and lo! in the twinkling of an eye you see the frank, childish, jolly little face transformed into the most woe-begone bit of roriority imaginable. The spell of the camera is upon him and the photographer's arts are again called into action until the solemnity of the occasion is forgotten and the old expression reclaimed. It has required perseverance, downright skill and policy to bring it, but it is worth it.

There is a light rustle of skirts—a lady—thank the kind fates she looks neither cranky nor fidgety, nor yet hurried.

"Good subject" murmurs your grateful friend, and you expect him to take things more easily; but no, he goes to work harder than ever and this time his heart is in it.

All the artist in him is awake. He wants fine lighting, artistic position, good work every way.

Up with the blind! Higher! There—there! Not quite so far. Now, that's it exactly.

Down with this one to soften an outline. Here is a shadow to be lighted, so wheel over a reflector!

The patient sitter, for she *is* patient, is soon surrounded with what to you look like instruments of torture, but you see only the *process*; for the *result* you must wait until the photograph is finished.

True, it will not be exactly the lady you have been watching, not exactly she any more than the heroine of a story is precisely like her flesh and blood prototype. She has been idealized. The best in face and form have been brought out and strengthened, the defects hidden. It isn't every one, you know, that is as "pretty as a picture."

If you remain long enough you will hear how manyimen come in, not like the priest all shaven and shorn, but very painfully the other way. The retoucher is his barber. Her power is something wonderful; for the bald she is a magic hair restorer, to the freckled a second Harriet Hubbard Ayer, to everybody a fairy grandmother who can make or mar, show better or worse by the mere stroke of her pencil.

Should you care to hear what people say when face to face with the proofs, how the ugly babies should all have been pretty (so they should); the awkward women, graceful; the old ones young and so on *ad infin.*, you must go down to the office. That does not reach the dark room.

ALME.

Art and Artists.

IN THIS page is presented a sketch of one board of the illuminated Resolution of Condolence on the death of the late Premier, which Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., has just completed for the Toronto City Council, and which will be presented to Lady Macdonald. The work covers six large boards, which are bound in maroon morocco, with a black title panel, gold-lettered. Page one contains the words: "In Memoriam," and the following verses from Tennyson:—

"And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour, to him,
Eternal honour to his name."

with appropriate ornamentation of lilies and laurel. Page two is here reproduced, but a pen and ink sketch can give but little idea of the subdued harmony of the coloring. The four following pages contain the resolution itself in antique lettering. Page three is embellished with a design of maple leaves. Page four has a beautifully poetic mourning device. Each province with the shield bearing her arms is represented as mourning for the lost chief. Page five, signifying the old man's love for the mother country, has an arrangement of maple and oak leaves. The sixth and last has a design of purple violets, the exquisite flowers of sorrow. With consummate and subtle art Mr. Howard has somehow made the sorrow of the words permeate the whole appearance of the work.

*

Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy, the well known sculptor, is at work on a portrait bust of Principal Grant. Mr. MacCarthy has a grand subject and has, one might almost say, surpassed himself.

*

London *Truth* has the following jaundiced words to say of the new Society of Portrait Painters: "Before there has been time for the jaded picture-viewer to recover from his surfeit of portraits at Burlington House, an exhibition devoted to portraits and nothing else has been opened at the Galleries of the Royal Institute in Piccadilly. A 'Society of Portrait Painters' has, in fact, come into corporate being, and, with the ill-advised and aggressive precocity of modern æstheticism, has hastened to make known its existence in the usual manner. The result is a hurriedly-collected and badly-hung conglomeration of what I may call impersonative atoms, consisting of 258 portraits, in every conceivable style, of 'all sorts and conditions of men'—and, for that matter, of women and children also—five-sixths of whom one has never heard of and most assuredly never wants to see. Now, I am very much afraid that this increasing prevalence of portraiture is one of the signs of an ultra advertising age. Artists and sitters alike seem enamored of it; and for an obvious reason, since, like mercy, it is twice blessed—it blesseth him that 'sits' and him that 'takes.' The artist pockets his big fee and his patrons get the publicity for which they crave. No wonder, then, that since at the time at its disposal has been, the Society of Portrait Painters has managed to cover the walls of the Royal Institute. And the pity of it is that this kind of thing is likely to go on until the so-called art exhibitions become more and more organizations for the glorification of nonentities and the apotheosization of snobs. Portraiture, which already swamps the Academy, will pervade every exhibition; and the walls of our art galleries will be, in effect, transformed into boardings for the display of social advertisements and pictorial puffs."

*

The artistic world in Germany has not yet recovered from the state of mute rage (or is it despair?) at the "insult" to some of its most eminent members by His Majesty the Emperor. The committee of the International Art Exhibition, which is now being held at Berlin, rejected the last portrait of the late Count Moltke painted by Mme. Palarghi, and of which Moltke himself said, only a few days before his death, that he considered it the best portrait that had ever been painted of him. No sooner had the news gone abroad that the picture had been rejected than the Emperor himself bought it for £1,000, and ordered it to be hung at the very show where it had been refused a place.

CHAD.

The following manly reply to the slanders against him, from the pen of Richard Mansfield, appeared in the *New York Sun* of the 19th inst.: "Sir—The lawyer, the architect, the painter, the clerk of every description, the laborer, all may take a holiday once a year. Why not the much-abused actor? A certain morning paper does me the honor to devote a whole column to very poor abuse of me. Not satisfied with abusing me, it drags in the name of an honorable and estimable lady, and Iago-like, endeavors to cast a slur upon her honor and her good name. This lady is described as taking a trip to Fenwick with me (!) when she was in fact in Europe; nor does it mention that when this lady did visit Fenwick she was accompanied by her mother. It (the morning paper) goes so far as to suggest that the outcome of this imaginary trip was a divorce. This is the vilest kind of slander and is not journalism. A great journal wields a great power and that power, like fire, is useful and beneficial when tamed and watched. It is Schiller who says:

Wohlthätig is des Feuer's macht,
Wenn sie der Mensch bezähmt bewacht.

A country where journalism could run riot and, like an irresponsible despot, slay where it pleased, would be a country worse to live in than Russia or the uncivilized kingdoms of Africa. Our mothers, our sisters, our sweethearts, ourselves would at no time be safe from the venomous attacks of some petty jack in office, some cankerous, bilious Urish, whom we might by chance have unwittingly offended. Life in such a country would not only be a burden but a disgrace, and living in it would mean all the humiliation of slavery.

A few facts only. It was settled long ago that when the weather was hot I might close the theater for a fortnight. We could not know some weeks in advance when the weather would be hot, and thus we waited until it was hot, and then we closed. Fact number two: Miss Beatrice Cameron, although enjoying the privileges of a married woman, goes nowhere without proper chaperonage, and, although it may seem strange to people who look down upon the dramatic profession as utterly corrupt and bad, behaves with that propriety which becomes a well-born, well-mannered, well-bred, self-respecting daughter of America who has her own bread to earn. The man who throws mud at such throws mud at his daughters, his wife, his mother, and all that is most dear, admired, honored, and respected in the land. There are in our unfortunate profession, I repeat the word "unfortunate," quite as many noble, honest, and decent men and women as in any other profession; and they are as well-educated, as well-born, as well-mannered, and as great a credit to this country as any people living in it. The sooner this is understood the better it will be. There are bad lawyers, bad painters, bad politicians, bad millionaires, bad stock brokers, and even bad journalists, and there are some few, very few, bad actors; but we hear more about those few than about all others put together; and thus we are thought to be all bad. "An actor," "an actress" has almost grown to be a term of reproach. It is no use denying it, it is a fact. Any scandalous report about one of us is at once accepted *au pied de la lettre*. That is why I call it an "unfortunate" profession, and all my brothers and sisters, with whom I am ever heart and soul, will agree with me. A truce, Mr. Morning Paper. Give me some good criticism, if you can write; also, if you can write a play, write it, that will be still better; but give us the privilege of declining the play if it is not suitable, and be honest and manly enough not to pursue us with abuse if we do decline it. Try again. A critic who sees so many bad plays ought to be able to write a good one, and a man who knows so much ought to be able to solicize it. A truce to abuse and slander; let us have some good, honest work instead. Your humble and obedient servant,

RICHARD MANSFIELD."

The Fresh Air Fund.

See the sisters and the brothers,
Playmates, school-mates, a'l the crowd;
Kisses from th poor tire l mothers,
Good-byes, laughter, voices loud;
Hearts so full of pri le and glor/,
They have scarcely breath to say,
"Tais is just a fairy story;
It can't be a real day!"

Johnnie, Janie, how they clatter
Up and down the alley-ways!
And the little footsteps patter
Like the dancing feet of fays.
All agog and full of wonder,
Open eyes and cheeks aglow,
Pretty, panting lips asunder—
"Are I going!" "Can't we go?"

Buttons burst through too much hurry,
Shoe-strings broken, garters loose,
Missing, seeking in a hurry,
Everything they want to use.
Billy's torn hat is terrific;
Not that he cares; in his joy,
From Atlantic to Pacific,
You'd not find a prouder boy.

From the alley-ways unsightly,
From the cellars and the lanes,
Throng the pure-eyed pilgrims brightly,
Stainless in the midst of stains!
Now the merry ranks are filled in
Of the array, sweet and small.
Air—fresh air—for these dear children,
And—God's blessing for us all!

MADELINE S. BRIDGES in *Judge*.

Strange Effects of Music.

The strange effects of music are as varied as the dispositions of the persons on whom it has influence, and whilst to some it is the source of the most pleasurable sensations, to others its effects are directly the reverse.

An instance is known to the writer of a gentleman on whom the first impression of music was of the most pleasing kind, but in the course of time he found its effects increasing so much on his nerves that for many years he was obliged to leave the room previous to its being introduced. In vain he tried to get the better of his feelings, fearing he might appear ridiculous in the opinion of the world, but two succeeding experiments deterred him from making another, for he was both times seized with convulsions of the jaw. The last time he was so generally convulsed that his friends were greatly alarmed. The song which had this extraordinary effect upon him was Come, Ever Smiling Liberty, in Handel's oratorio of Judas Maccabeus.

A gentleman residing in Devonshire, being at a musical festival, fell into a fainting fit upon hearing a trio, which entirely deprived him of speech and recollection for more than an hour. Music generally had this effect upon him, but he was so fond of it that he could never resist the temptation of hearing it, though he paid so dearly for it. Some years after this he was in London at an opera of Dr. Arne's. During the overture he stood near the orchestra with great difficulty, but the first song overcame him and he fell senseless to the floor. The house immediately was in great confusion, and a surgeon who happened to be sitting near him had him conveyed into a cooler atmosphere, where he shortly regained consciousness.

A more melancholy circumstance occurred a few years ago at the first grand performance of Handel's commemoration in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Barton, a celebrated chorus singer, was present at the commencement of the overture of Esther, when he became so violently agitated that after lying for some minutes in a fit, he expired. As intervals he was able to speak, and a short time before he died he declared that it was the wonderful effect of the music which had so much agitated him.

Dr. Halifax, a bishop of Gloucester, during one of the performances of the Messiah at the same commemoration, was so much affected that he was obliged to leave the Abbey, fearing lest he should be unable to withstand its extraordinary effects.

Another gentleman was so much affected that tears trickled down his cheeks, and he confessed that he felt transports of joy of which he had never before formed the slightest conception. A country gentleman was so much delighted at the commemoration of Handel that the whole day's performance seemed to him but the work of a single hour.

The City's Resolution of Condolence.

The above is a sketch of the second page of the City's Resolution of Condolence, illuminated by Mr. A. H. Howard, R.C.A., and to be presented to Lady Macdonald. On this page the work is fully described.

A FALSE CONCLUSION.

By MRS. HUNGERFORD,

Author of "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis," "Lady Branksmere," "A Born Coquette," &c., &c.

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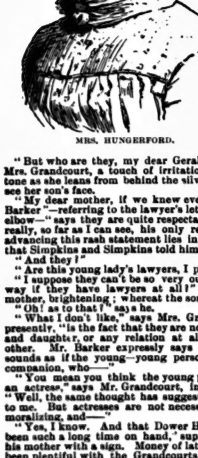

MRS. HUNGERFORD.

"But who are they, my dear Gerald?" says Mrs. Grandcourt, a touch of irritation in her tone as she leans from behind the silver urn to see her son's face.

"My dear mother, if we knew everything! Barker"—referring to the lawyer's letter at his elbow—"says they are quite respectable; but, really, so far as I can see, his only reason for advancing this rash statement lies in the fact that Simpkins and Simpkins told him so."

"And they?"

"Are this young lady's lawyers, I presume."

"I suppose they can't be so very out of the way if they have lawyers at all?" says his mother, brightening; whereat the son laughs.

"Oh! as to that!" says he.

"What I don't like," says Mrs. Grandcourt presently, "is the fact that they are not mother and daughter, or any relation at all to each other. Mr. Barker expressly says that. It sounds as if the young—young person, had a companion, who——"

"You mean you think the young person is an actress," says Mr. Grandcourt, indolently. "Well, the same thought has suggested itself to me. But actresses are not necessarily demoralizing, and——"

"Yes, I know. And that Dower House has been such a long time on hand, supplements his mother with a sign. Money of late has not been plentiful with the Grandcourts and the old name, the old property, so dear to the gentle, fragile woman sitting at the head of her son's table, seem likely to sink deeper and deeper into the tide of debt and depression, until finally the flood shall rise and sweep over them and drown them altogether. The grand old name! The name her dead husband had given her! If Gerald would only propose to someone with rank and money too. Such chances had been given him, but Gerald would take none of them.

"True, thou wisest of women!" says the young man rising, with a slight smile that has something of sadness in it, and gathering up his letters. "The fact that they are not mother and daughter, or any relation at all to each other. Mr. Barker expressly says that. It sounds as if the young—young person, had a companion, who——"

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A Young Man Saved.

Julius May was a lawyer—that is, he was going to be one—if spending more or less hours every day in Reed & Tappen's offices could produce the arranged for result. At first the prospect had been pleasant enough to him, but a course of winter amusements in New York must have some effect upon a young man, and the effect in Mr. May's case had not been, in a legal sense, satisfactory.

Music and the drama, libraries bound in Russian, instead of calf; fine ladies and fancy balls, London tailors and Fifth avenue boarding-houses—these, and many other splendid things had become very agreeable to the newly fledged exquisite. But his little fortune was rapidly disappearing, and his little salary was so extremely small that it was scarcely worth counting as a means toward these desired results.

What must he do? He had asked himself this question almost every hour lately, and had never got but one answer—"marry!" At first he had met the suggestion with a negative shrug and a muttered "nonsense!" but it had come back every time with a more persuasive appearance. Finally, one cold, windy night in March, he determined to devote an hour or two to a consideration of his chances in the matrimonial market.

After a careful and honest review, he was compelled to admit that among the rich and splendid girls whom he had habitually spoken of as crazy about him, only two were likely to be crazy enough to entertain the thought of marrying him—pretty little Bessie Bell and the exceedingly clever Nora St. Clair. He was quite sure both of these lovely creatures adored him; the only point to settle was which he liked better; or rather, which it would be best for him personally and commercially to choose; and—

> "For it thought this,
> Then he thought that,
> Next he thought
> He didn't know what."

Bessie was the only child of a rich widow, who lived in excellent style, and was the sole effect mistress of her income. She was a sweet, dainty little blonde, always irreproachably stylish in dress, always ready to dimple into smiles, and never at a loss for just the most agreeable thing to say.

Nora was a close friend of Bessie's, but in all respects a contrast. She was an independently nurtured heiress, but a poor, brave girl, who had by the force of intellect, study and hard work gained an enviable position in the literary world. Her income from her writings was very handsome; she visited in the most aristocratic circles; she was charming in person and manner, and dressed like the rest of the fashionable world. But then Julius felt that in every sense she would not only be the "better half," but probably the four-fourths of the house; and that his personality would sink simply into "Mrs. May's husband."

So Bessie won the decision and he determined, if his new suit came home the next day, to offer Miss Bell the handsome person which it adorned. For, to tell the truth, he was a handsome fellow; and if this work-a-day world had only been a great drawing room, with theatrical alcoves and musical conservatories, why, then Mr. Julius May would have been no undesirable companion through it.

The new suit came home and fitted perfectly; the tonsorial department was equally effective in results; every precaution had been taken, and he felt an earnest of success in the very prosperity of these preliminaries. He rang at Mrs. Bell's door; before the footman could open it a gentleman came quickly out, threw himself into Mrs. Bell's carriage and, in a voice of authority, ordered the coachman to drive to the wharf.

The incident scarcely attracted his attention until, upon entering the parlor, he saw pretty Bessie standing the disappearing vehicle with tearful eyes. She glided into her usual beaming, pretty manner; and very soon Mrs. Bell came in and asked him to remain to dinner.

After dinner, Mrs. Bell's clergyman called about some of the church's charities, and as the young people were singing, they went into the library to discuss them. Now was the golden moment and Julius was not afraid to seize it. What do men say on such occasions? Do they ever say what they mean? Do they ever remember what they say? I don't believe Julius did; for before he had done—right in the middle of a most eloquent sentence, Bessie had her hand on his with a frightened little movement, saying:

"Mr. May, please, sir, please do stop! Surely you know that I have been engaged ever since I was eighteen to Professor Mark Tyler. Everybody knows it—we had a betrothal party—he is just gone to Europe for six months, that is what I was crying about; why, all our set know about it, though he has been away for nearly two years in the Rocky Mountains and California. Mamma wrote me to wait until I was twenty-one, but I love him just the same—and I am quite sure I never did anything to make you think I could care for you in this way, Mr. May;" and Bessie looked just a little bit indignant.

"I have had the honor, Miss Bell, of being your escort all winter."

"Oh, dear! Did you think I was going to marry you for that? In all our pleasant little dinners and drives and dances, is there not mutual speculation? That would indeed be dreadful!"

She loved the professor too truly; she had been singly pleasant and friendly to him as she had been to all her other gentleman friends, who, however, had had too much sense and modesty to misconstrue her kindness. Then she walked to her pretty little aviary and began cooing to her birds. Julius hardly remembered what passed afterwards, except that he received a cool, courteous "Good-night, sir," in answer to his "Farewell," and that he found himself walking round Madison square in a very uncomfortable state of mind.

To this speedily succeeded the thought of Nora; he must see her to-night; to-morrow Bessie would give her own version of the conduct, and then—well he would not acknowledge that that could make any difference in Nora's liking for him. "And yet," he murmured, "women are such uncertain creatures." Where his own interests were concerned, Julius was not wanting in a certain strength and decision of character, and in less than an hour after his rejection by Bessie Bell he had so far composed and encouraged himself as to determine upon a visit to Nora, through whether he should offer himself to her or not was a point he left to the development of circumstances.

He found Nora at home, and, moreover, she seemed disposed to welcome him with extra cordiality. He noted with a fresh admiration the refined and cultured aspect of the room—the luxurious copies of her favorite authors—the artist's proofs of rare engravings—the blooming ferneries and flowers—the pet student's chairs—the sofa, warm rugs and carpet—the dancing firelight—the rich silk and lace that robed the lithe, graceful figure of Nora; all these things had a fresh and delightful charm in them. In a little while he managed to make the conversation drift toward Bessie.

"Would she be married when the professor returned from Europe?

"Oh, dear, no; not till she is twenty-one."

"Is it not rather a *mesalliance*?"

Nora's eyes grew dangerously bright.

"Certainly not. Professor Mark Tyler is a wonderful chemist and geologist—a man of world-wide fame. It is a great honor for Bessie to be loved by such a great soul."

"Ah, indeed! I had not thought of it in that light. People usually speak of a *mesalliance* with regard to money affairs."

"Yes, I know," replied Nora, "and just there they are frightfully wrong—there are worse *mesalliances* than disparities in fortune—but, however, here there is none of any kind; the professor has found chemistry a sufficiently rich alumbic with a residuum admitting of no kind of doubt."

"Will you be glad when she marries?"

"Very."

"Yet you will lose your friend?"

"By no means. She will remain at home and the professor and I are very old friends; he knew me when I was a little girl."

"Indeed! Perhaps you may marry before Miss Bell."

"I may do so. I have no specific against doing such a thing eventually; but I am quite sure I shall not do so immediately."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot afford it. I am just one of those women who would be likely to make a *mesalliance* in money *matters*—and I repeat, I cannot afford it just yet. I have at present another extravagance before me, a great deal nicer than a husband."

"I should like to know what it is."

"A long European tour, with, perhaps, a peep at the Pyramids and a ramble about old Jerusalem."

"Oh, dear!" said Julius, in a tone half serious and half mocking. "I should stand no chance, I suppose, against such a temptation!"

"None at all," she said, positively; and though she kept up the bantering tone, it was quite evident to Julius that if he asked her in sober earnest she would answer just the same with a slightly different accent.

But Nora, with a woman's ready tact, turned the conversation, and gradually led it into a very unusual and practical channel—the nobility and the necessity of labor. The glowing thoughts, the plain yet hopeful truths that fair young woman uttered, Julius heard for the first time in his little life that night. Never before had he realized the profit and the deep delight which might spring—and only spring—from an honest career, no matter how humble or laborious, if it was steadily pursued until success crowned it. She hid none of her own early mistakes and struggles, and then al ud. ing to her assured position and comfort, asked Julius "how he supposed she had won it?"

"By your genius," he said, admiringly.

"Not so, sir; but by simple, persevering, conscientious labor in the path I had marked out for myself. Therefore, "she said, with a bright, imperative face, "go home to-night, Mr. May, choose what particular form of law you will study, throw yourself with all your capacities into that one subject, and success is sure to come. Depend upon it, the world is not far wrong in making success the test of merit."

"You have made a new man of me, Miss St. Clair," said Julius, enthusiastically. "When I have proved this, may I come in to see you again?"

He had risen to go, and they stood with clasped hands—"Then you may come again." Nothing more was said, but they quite understood each other, and Julius went out into the clear starlit night, determined to make himself worthy of a good woman's acceptance, before he offered himself again.

Next evening, Bessie and Nora sat in the firelight, sipping their after-dinner coffee; it was an hour for confidence, and Bessie said, rather sadly:

"Poor Julius May—he asked me to marry him last night."

Nora turned quickly, but said nothing.

"That is, he wanted to marry my money; everybody knows that if he loves anybody really, it is you, Nora."

"He called on me, too, last night," said Nora, "and I saw he was in trouble, so I gave him something to do. Nothing like that old, old gospel of Work when you're in trouble. When he had done it I told him he might come and see me again."

"Surely you would never marry him! You will just have him to dress and take care of."

"All men need some one to do for them; else why were women made? But I think Julius will do very well yet. These elegant carpet knights have some don armor and take the world by surprise."

"Not much-ly," laughed Bessie.

"Remember how England's 'curled darlings' stormed the Malakoff and battered down Sebastopol. I am going to trust Julius May for a year or two; I think he'll do."

"We shall see."

"Yes, we shall see. Time proves all things."

Time proved in these what has often been asserted, "that every woman's influence over a man extends beyond herself, either for good or bad." Julius went steadily to work, used with economy the remains of his patrimony, became known and respected as a hard-reading, clear-headed, steady young man, and in a little more than two years he ventured to call again on Nora St. Clair and ask her a certain question, to which she answered, with pride and confidence: "Yes."

Another evening Bessie and Nora sat sipping their coffee together in the gloaming of an early summer evening.

"Bessie," said Nora, "Julius May asked me last night to marry him."

"Going to do so, Nora?"

"Yes, dear. I am going to take care of him, and he is going to take care of me."

"That is 'all right,' I suppose."

"Yes. I am quite sure it couldn't be better."

Both girls sat silent a while, and then Nora said, sadly:

"I have been wondering how many bad husbands might have been good ones, did women always use their influence for noble ends. There ought to be a saving power in love—if it is true love—and there is, for I have proved it; and what I have done other women can do also."

God grant that in the larger liberty to which woman aspires, she may consider how vast a power is in her influence, and use it only for gracious ends!—*Amelia E. Barr.*

Readers of this journal who are now camping or anticipate doing so should peruse the announcement in another column of the Grange Wholesale Supply Co.

Not an Improbable Story.

"What's the matter, old man?" he said, as they met on the morning after; "you look blue."

"I feel blue."

"But last night you were the jolliest member of the party."

"I felt jolly."

"You acted like a boy just let out of school."

"I felt like one."

"You said your wife had gone away for the first time in three years, and there wasn't any one to say a word if you went home and kicked over the mantle-clock."

"I remember it."

"You said that if you stayed out until four o'clock there was no one to look at your reproachfully and sigh and make you feel mean."

"Yes, and I stayed out until four o'clock, didn't I?"

"You certainly did."

"And I gave an Indian war-whoop on the door step."

"Yes, and you sang a verse from a comic opera song and you tried to dance a clog."

"And my wife had missed the train. Now, go away and leave me. I want to kick myself a little more for not taking the precaution to get an affidavit from the conductor that she went with the train."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mexican Swells on Horseback.

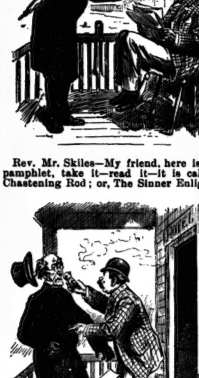
The Mexican swell rides on a saddle worth a fortune. It is loaded with silver trimmings, and hanging over it is an expensive strape, or Spanish blanket, which adds to the wealth of the whole. His queer shaped stirrups are redolent of the old mines. His bridle is in like manner adorned with metal in the shape of half-a-dozen big silver plates, and to his bit is attached a pair of knotted red cord reins which he holds high up and loose.

He is dressed in a black velvet jacket, fringed and embroidered with silver; and a huge and expensive hat, perched on his head, is tilted over one ear. His legs are encased in dark, tight-fitting breeches, with silver trimming down the side seams, but cut so as, in summer weather, to unbutton from the knee down and flap aside.

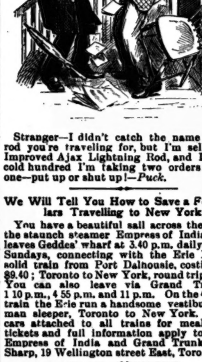
His spurs are silver, big and heavy and costly, and fitted to buckle round his high-cut heel. Under his left leg is fastened a broad-bladed and beautiful carved sword, with a hilt worthy a prince of the blood.

The seat of this exquisite is the perfect pattern of a clothes pin. Leaning against the cantle, he stretches his legs forward and outward, with heels depressed in a fashion which reminds one of Sydney Smith's saying, that he did not object to a clergyman's riding, if only he rode very badly, and turned out his toes. It is the very converse of riding close to your horse. The cowboy, with an equally short seat and long stirrups, keeps his legs where they belong, and if his leg is out of perpendicular, it will be so to the rear.

Barren Soil.



Rev. Mr. Skiles—My friend, here is a little pamphlet, take it—read it—it is called The Chastening Rod; or, The Sinner Enlightened.



Stranger—I didn't catch the name of that rod you're traveling for, but I'm selling the improved Jack Lightning Rod, and I'll be cold hundred I'm taking two orders to your one—put up or shut up!—*Puck.*

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Their First Quarrel

The Tearful Wife—I am going to go right down to the river and drown myself.

The Brutal Husband—All right, my dear. I suppose it's no use to argue with you; start at once, if you really want to.

The Tearful Wife—It's raining now, and it would spoil my new dress; but I'm going just as soon as it stops. You see if I don't!

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—Correspondence Columns Saturday Night Office.]

Correspondents desiring graphological studies are requested to observe the following rules: 1. Quotations are not studied. 2. Postal cards are not studied. 3. Small clippings from letters are not studied. 4. Only one enclosure can be sent us with each letter. 5. Letters are answered as nearly as possible in their turn. By noticing and adhering to these rules the editor and correspondents will be saved a great deal of trouble.

Una.—See rules.

Angela, Bunkum, Kitty.—See rules.—Which do you wish read?

Dorsy.—A letter from you beginning "dear Kit" Has it strayed from the *Mail* Office, or did you intend it for our graphological column? It is dated May 22nd and postmarked Gall.

M. L. A. B.—See S. J. D. Writings are very similar. I think probably the present study has a more spicy character than her friend and would say a sharp thing when S. J. D. would only think it.

S. J. D.—Writer shows conscientiousness, love of praise, care and honor, good perception, rather a cheerful disposition, persistent and patient, but not apt to act on impulse, or strongly assert yourself.

Blue Nose.—Writing shows reserved though deep feeling, some originality, a tendency to moralize and rather a spirit of discussion, great tenacity and strong will. This is the ideal writing of the lawyer, to my fancy.

T. W. W.—Writing shows considerable energy, a self opinionated mind, plenty of character and independence, rather a level head and good judgment sense of proportion, some humor, decided sympathy and insight. It should be the chirography of a successful mortal.

Jeaf B.—Your writing shows some perception and good taste, great kindly, rather a pleasant and gentle manner, some perseverance, but not great endurance. You are sometimes hasty in forming conclusions, but not obstinate enough to resist conviction and remake them, also you are generous and forgiving.

Enquirer.—Writing shows hope, honesty, self-will, some perseverance, good energy, decided opinions and courage to express them. You lack patience, tact and generosity of feeling, though you are capable of strong and devoted affection. I think you are fond of a good story and can probably relate one yourself.

Avon Bloom.—I Writing shows humor, ease of manner, perseverance, an optimistic and buoyant nature, some self-esteem, but not much vanity. I think you are a little flighty or hard to please. 2 The best lady singer in America now is perhaps Emma Juch, cannot select a gentleman singer at the best.

Walt.—Writing shows uncontrolled impulse and great ambition, lack of steady purpose, and perseverance in effort. You are careless of how you achieve notoriety so long as you achieve it. Are apt to overrate your worth and appear to me to be given to speculating. This writing is so peculiar that it looks like a disguised hand.

Tom.—Your letter was just right. Wish I had a few more of the same style. Writing shows great energy and impulse, tenacity of purpose, good judgment, much hopefulness and a generally bright disposition, love of fun and appreciation of humor. It is easier for you to say yes than no, Tom. You have great sympathy and good perception, and make many friends.

Armitage.—Writing shows ease of manner, love of social intercourse, some sense of humor and truth. You are probably a sensible and entertaining talker and have a pretty way of expressing your thoughts. I don't think you neglect the small duties of life and have a good regard for forms and ceremonies. Would probably be fully of advanced notions and prone to walk in beaten paths.

J. T. H. W.—The song is not known to me. Writing shows insight and good impulse, energy, good temper, though rather fond of your own way. You have originality and some talent are careless in your judgment and not prudent enough in your actions, though no mean or petty traits govern, with a lively fancy, a pleasing manner and a taste for social intercourse, you ought to be pleasant to know.

rugged lessons patiently and to take reverses or disappointments cheerfully. You are tender-hearted, and though slightly reserved in expression, full of feeling and kindly sympathy. Yours is not the flowery or idealistic nature, but you can be helpful where such would fret and fume. I have a friend in your city whose character is known to me as the truest and most true that I am thinking of you both in the strangest medley.]

Bewildered.—Take a blue serge suit, a good black skirt and a medium blue waist one light flannel and the rest lawn or shirting, an ulster and a reefer or blazer jacket. For a more dressy outfit, a black lace over shot silk and a couple of embroidered cream or white lawn or null gowns may be added to the above. 2. Writing is legible, but not a very good copying hand. It is no uncertain as to suggest the need of plenty of practice.

Titan.—Any position of stamps on envelope except in the right hand upper corner, means bad one thing, most of consideration for the man or woman who has to cancel them in the postoffice. As to the fancy that if you stand the Queen on her head it signifies a distaste for your correspondent, or such kindred rubbish, no sensible person notice it at all. Such a question, O Mighty One, is unworthy of your proportions!

Lightenstein.—Am sorry I could not answer you sooner. Your writing shows great perseverance, but does not allow of any fanciful flights, perseverance and rather fine talent. You are impulsive and hearty, not careful as to exactness and fond of taking a long walk in bad weather, even when beaten paths are best. You lack the hopefulness of the theorist, but have good common sense, and aren't you a little bit proud and distant sometimes?

Tea Tray.—1. Your guesses were some right and some wrong. I shall not tell which are which, so that you may try again. I have never made any mystery about any of the three points. 2 Your writing shows mirth and a little carelessness, considerable energy, great love of talking (your *nom de plume* savors of gossip), some determination, not a very constant mind. You are hopeful, companionable and domestic, and rather ambitious and fond of commendation.

Princess Blowpik.—1 One gets tired of anything in time, I fancy, sometimes I'm in the mood to shoot my correspondents. 2. Anyone who studies carefully, has a good share of perception, imagination and sympathy can succeed. An author you did not mention, is Ouida *nom de plume*, but I am often attracted by the chirography I study, and cannot identify her on that score. Your writing shows a matter of fact and conscientious nature, apt to learn life's

Joyce.—Writing shows rather a determined character, with good self-esteem and some sense of humor. You are very persistent and persevering and though you don't aim to do great things, you like what you do attempt to be well done. I am afraid you are a little prone to envy, or at any rate, chary of your expression of love and appreciation for others. It is apparent to me that from your childhood's writing, the study you enclose has good promise of future excellence.

Dyne.—I wish you had used a finer pen, Dyne; but your very characteristic writing suite the coarse nib well. It shows a great lack of that fine intuition and tact, which is a sixth sense in those who possess it. But there is character, honesty, truth and sufficient decision, a lack of order and ready tactic, but good perception and constancy. You have your dreams and fancies, but are blessed with so much common sense that a little dreaming doesn't hurt. If you succeed in life it will probably be due more to good luck than good management.

Simple Fidelia.—Your very vulgar and impertinent letter will not influence the answer you receive. I am glad it comes from so far away, and though you say I am hard on Toronto ladies, as Toronto lady would, I am sure, so far forget herself as to indulge in the remarks you think suitable. The person who is the subject of them has nothing to do with the question, nor with the answer, though I know you say he is gained your approval. I have not had the infliction of a study from you before and am glad my predecessor has escaped your notoriety.

Flag Winner.—1. Could not recommend the person you mention. One professor of chiromancy I knew of, certainly was obliged to leave Toronto not long ago, not exactly for being a model citizen. 2. Your writing shows some ability, but lack of perseverance and concentration. Write 3 if you practise every day you can become expert in a few weeks, but you must improve your spelling first. There were 15 words misspelled in your letter. 4 Two hours a day for six months and some one to read for you are necessary. Your writing is not formed enough to delineate satisfactorily.

Nita.—1. I dare say you have long since seen a hint about forbidding the writing of anonymous letters in the 11. 2 I don't tell fortunes by handwriting, I suppose you want a delineation. 3. Your writing shows order, gentleness, some generosity, kindly; I think you are a little fond of No. 1, and apt to be hard in your judgment of others, if we shall say, your pen shows you are prevailingly pleasant and rather attractive and you have a temper that can make things lively on occasion. You are quick of comprehension and prone to jump to conclusions not always warrantable.

Quakeress.—Writing shows some imagination and tendency to romance, some sense of the ridiculous and disregard of small things, strong will and rather impulsive and antagonistic. Yours is a very independent nor depending—but both by turns—are also decidedly well dowered with mental capacity and have a latent force of impulse and feeling that would surprise some one at odd day. Your *nom de plume* doesn't seem appropriate. 2 Yes, red and tan mean friendship and love, blue, true, orange, fickleness; black, of course, is only used for mourning. 3. Old enough to know better than to ask such an absurd question.

Helen.—Your writing shows a fanciful and imaginative nature, easy and gracious manner, love of things beautiful, kindness for others and a very bright hopeful is not supposed to. You are gentle in your judgment of others, and more yielding than firm, and would surprise some one one day. Your *nom de plume* doesn't seem appropriate. 2 Yes, red and tan mean friendship and love, blue, true, orange, fickleness; black, of course, is only used for mourning. 3. Old enough to know better than to ask such an absurd question.

Sappho.—1. The fault you complain of my having pointed out to you, is one I sometimes feel I ought to make mention. I often add that in a delineation, for fear my studies should look as you have done, that I am a giant in temper as no doubt the result of all work and not enough play, which is not good for either Jack or Jill. We nearly always show overwork in the same way, Sappho. Don't think about it more than you can help. Read cheerful, amusing books, laugh at nothing; above all things laugh, if you can to ride a bicycle. Then your nerves will be toned up in a way that will surprise you. There is nothing like pleasant exercise for curing weakness and nerves; and the best of it is, it ends them like a charm. 2 I have tried to find room for your photo delineation, but the graphology is too long for much time and space that I dare not begin. I should be inundated and go under, sure! They are both most interesting faces.

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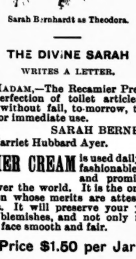

Sarah Bernhardt as Theodora.

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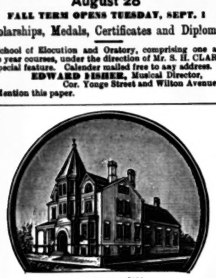

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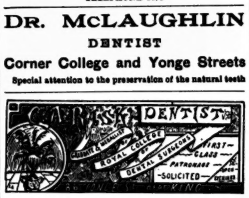

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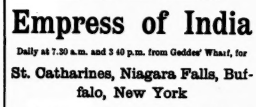

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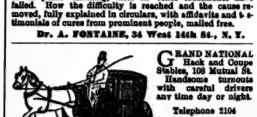

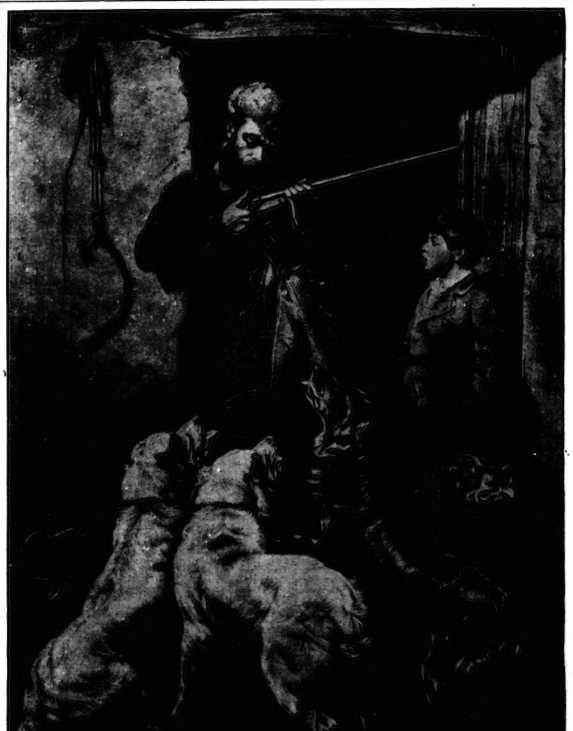

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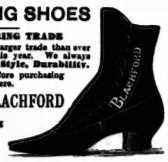

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"Oh, no, George; we're going home now: I've a surprise for you."

"A surprise!"

"Yes; I went down in the kitchen this morning and made a great, big welsh rabbit from a receipt in the cook book, and we'll have it when we get home."

"But if you made it this morning it won't be good now."

"Oh, yes, it will; I put it in the refrigerator. —*Puck.*

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

George R. Hooper, Mr. A. Lapthorn Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lacy Dillon, Mrs. Gibb and son, Mr. F. May, Mr. Thos. Mesmer, Mr. S. Whitaker, Mr. J. S. Allan, Mr. G. A. Farmer, Mr. J. Pangman, Mr. Arthur E. Allan of Montreal; Mr. A. A. DesRosiers of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. W. Koch of New York, Rev. T. J. E. Levoy of Manchester, N. H., Mrs. L. Henderson of Binghamton, N. Y., Mrs. and Miss Wilgress of Lachine, Mr. L. P. Morin, Mr. A. Morin, Mr. H. Maillet of St. Hyacinthe, Mr. I. R. Maillet of Montana.

Principal and Mrs. Dickson of Upper Canada College entertained some of the delegates to the teachers' convention at a charming impromptu supper party after the closing meeting on Friday night.

The Flower Show at the Horticultural Pavilion was a very pretty and successful affair. I noticed a great number of new and peculiar plants and blooms, showing that our florists are awake to novelties and keep up with the ages. The fine cool weather, lovely flowers, pretty women in summer finery and sweet music from the military band combined to charm the senses of the many who came and went under the flower-encircled portals.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Mackenzie are spending some time at the Queen's Royal, Niagara.

Mr. Senator Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Walter, A. Dickson, and Mr. John Morrow, are at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mrs. Milligan, wife of the pastor of old St. Andrew's, died on Wednesday last, after a trying illness of many months' duration. She was a daughter of one of the old U.E. Loyalist families, and a cultured and charming lady, whose many friends will long regret her loss.

A pleasant sailing party were on the Viola on Thursday afternoon. Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, and several others enjoyed the cool lake breezes.

Miss Grace Warner, Principal of the Oakland street School, Red Bank, New Jersey, is visiting at Mrs. R. W. Sample's, 36 Baldwin street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Young are sojourning at Bay View House, Maine.

Mr. George Harman has gone to Georgian Bay for two weeks' fishing.

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON THE LAKE.

The opening hop at the Chautauqua hotel last Wednesday evening was in every sense of the word a grand success. The ball-room, which is an exceptionally good one—very long and very wide, with French windows down both sides opening on to a veranda facing north and south, was most prettily and tastefully decorated with red, white and blue. Down either side of the wall spreading boughs of evergreen caught the festooning, making a very pretty contrast to the bright colors of the bunting. On each side of the wide entrance was draped a huge Union Jack, while from the center the Stars and Stripes waved a welcome to the guests from over the border. Kirkpatrick's orchestra and a perfect floor completed the arrangements for a dance which proved as delightful as the heart could wish. At about nine o'clock bus after bus drove up to the main entrance and from them alighted the usual dainty figures and bright, expectant faces, and half an hour afterwards the ball-room presented an appearance most gratifying to those who had so successfully exerted themselves to make the evening a pleasant one. At twelve o'clock the guests were ushered into the reading room where a very tempting little supper had been prepared, after which dancing was continued until long after one. Mr. Mackie is certainly to be congratulated upon the improvement in the general management of the hotel, the Wednesday and Saturday night hops, with their pleasant little suppers—so thoroughly appreciated by all—being to the young people especially, one of the most welcome changes from the rather oppressive quiet maintained throughout the hotel last summer. The proprietor's hearty and genial manner left every one indifferently satisfied that they were welcome guests, and went far towards rendering the first dance a memorably delightful one. Among the many present were the following: Mrs. Mack, Miss and Miss C. Mack, Mr. Reynolds, Mrs. Mortimer Neelon, Mr. Prescott Helliwell, Mrs. Heward Helliwell, Mr. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. George Hamilton, Mr. Byron Hostetter, Mr. Fuller, Miss Bate, Mr. and Mrs. White, Mr. H. Lansing, Mr. and Mrs. H. Garrett, Mr. F. W. Coleman, Mr. Nye, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. W. and the Misses Gale, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Macdougall, Miss B. Pafford, the Misses Heward, Mr. J. and Miss E. Russell, Mr. C. Milloy, Mr. Archie Downey, Mr. Ball, Mrs. Fox, Mr. A. Sawin, Mr. Nelles, Mr. Currie, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Anderson, Miss Anderson, Miss Mabel Ker, Mr. Hugh Watt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Blake, Miss A. Blake. A few of the dresses worn were: Mrs. Benson, old gold satin and black lace; the Misses Mack, white mull and lace with pearl trimmings; Mrs. H. Helliwell, black net, jet trimmings; Miss Heward, white and black; Miss E. Heward, white embroidered muslin; Mrs. M. Neelon, white satin; Miss Geddes, white. Two of the most fascinating little fairies in the room were the very youthful nieces of Mr. Mackie, Miss Etta Morris and Miss Bernice Buckler, whose lively, smiling little faces and winning manners won everyone's heart.

A heavy and dishearteningly steady downpour of rain on Saturday evening last prevented numbers from attending the hop at the Queen's. It was, however, a very pleasant one, everyone seemingly having brought with them their own particular friends and in that way securing for themselves an enjoyable evening. A large party from Buffalo took practical possession of the room, their jolly lightheartedness and way peculiar unto themselves of lending even to the square dances some of their own overflowing animation, contrasting not unnoticeably with the more demure, dignified style of the fair Canadians. A few of those present were: Mrs. H. Willson, Miss Thompson, the Misses Katie and Lulu Thompson, Miss Houston, Mrs. Livingston Lansing, Mr. H. Lansing, Miss Burnett, Miss Jellett, Mr. F. W. Coleman, Mr. W. and Miss M. Gale, the Misses Kingsmill, Mr. Houston, Mr. Folkes, Mr. J. Ince, Mr. W. Grant, Mr. C. Milloy, Miss Heford, Mr. M. Boyd, Mr. J. and Miss Phoebe Chittenden, Miss Collinson, Mrs. Brown, Mr. F. Mundie, Miss Donaldson, Mr. Ball, Miss Fraser, Mr. Roberts, Miss Burch, Mr. Fay, Mr. Taylor, Mr. E. and Miss Gertrude Armstrong, Mr. C. Downey, the Misses Heward, Mr. Harmon, Miss Ovens, Miss E. Dixon, Mr. Beatty. Mrs. Brown looked remarkably handsome in a costume of gray, with a cluster of snow-drops in her hair; Miss Heward wore a most becoming dress of black lace; Miss E. Heward, black china silk; Miss Kingsmill, crushed strawberry; Miss Armstrong, white net; Miss Donaldson, red net; Miss Chittenden, blue nun's veiling; Miss Heford, Nile green net.

Three hops a week is something decidedly unusual for Niagara, but with the rejoicings which such a state of affairs not unnaturally excites, an unpleasant number of doubts and possible drawbacks are beginning to suggest themselves. The ball-room at the Chautauqua with its delightfully fresh breeze from the lake and the pleasant proximity of a supper-room seems to have left a most favorable impression upon the remembrance of those who attended the opening dance last week. On the other hand the difficulty in getting to the desired destination is so to satisfactorily overcome. Through the forethought of the proprietor busses are in readiness at a certain point, to carry the guests to the hotel, but among other lesser objections there is always the possibility of at least some of the curly heads arriving in a state of unbecoming straightness, for a drive of a mile or so in an open bus through the rain or heavy dew, has frequently a most undesirable effect upon the toilettes and general appearance of some of the fair sex. Again, two hops held at different places the same night will doubtless bring disappointment to very many who enter one ball-room and realize that their absent friends are probably among the guests at the other. The difficulty of deciding each week which dance to attend will also be a perplexing question, for both have their separate advantages, and each has proved thoroughly enjoyable.

Mr. F. Coleman, Mrs. H. Lansing and Miss Burnett, of Canadaigua, are the guests of Mrs. Livingston Lansing.

Miss Armstrong spent last Sunday with Mrs. W. H. Dickson.

Miss Alton Goulding will spend the summer as the guest of Mrs. H. Paffard.

Miss Ridout has been the guest during the past week or two of the Misses Boulton.

Miss Florence Houston, the Misses Thomson and Miss Jellett were the guests last Saturday and Sunday of Miss Kingsmill.

Mr. M. Boyd was among those from Toronto who spent last Sunday in town. Mr. Folkes, Mr. Palmer and Mr. Hughes of Niagara Falls were also registered at the Queen's over Sunday.

Prof. S. H. Clark treated his audience to a particularly good programme of readings and recitations at the Chautauqua Amphitheater Tuesday night. His reputation as an elocutionist of rare talent is widespread and well deserved, and few, however gifted, could so successfully entertain a hundred and fifty or two hundred people as Prof. Clark did Tuesday evening, unassisted by even an orchestra. His forte does not seem to be confined to any one particular style. He is equally good in everything, one moment convulsing his audience with laughter and the next bringing a rush of tears to unwilling eyes. Among others I noticed present Mr. and Mrs. F. Geddes, Miss Geddes, the Misses Paffard, Mr. Jamieson, Mr. A. C. and the Misses Howe, Mr. J. and Mrs. Heward, Mr. Pedlar, Miss Alma, Capt. J. B. and the Misses Gale, Mr. Nelles, Rev. Mr. Jamieson, Mr. M. Boyd, Mrs. R. Ball, the Misses Heward, Mr. Young, Miss Blake, Mrs. Fox.

Mrs. F. M. Morson is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. Morson. GALATEA.

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Summer Sports.

Farmer Jayseed—Whar's the city boarders, M'riar?"

Mrs. Jayseed—They've all gone daown ter the pasture to practice bow-n-arrer shootin'."

Farmer Jayseed—Wa'al, you send Jamey down to pick the arrers out o' the cows when they come up to the barn.—*Boston News.*

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HOW foolish it is for mothers and wives to trade at a particular store or on a particular street just because it's a fashionable rendezvous or the swell promenade, regardless of the fact that they may be paying fifty per cent. too much "for their whistle." This store, although democratic to the back bone, holds a stock of goods elegant and good enough for a millionaire's family to select from, and at the same time will not be persuaded into charging more than the very lowest prices consistent with qualities, if even by so doing we might make this store a fashionable resort. We like the idea of seeing the rich and poor, artizan and capitalist, or their wives, trading side by side. We have goods to suit all purses at right prices, and are therefore busy when dulness and deadness prevails elsewhere. This store, over all things else, must be a busy, busy place—we'd rather have a busy store than anything on earth. We have it and will keep it. Of course it requires hard work and lots of it to keep such bargains before the public as we have been doing, but that's what we live for, that's our business. All through the remaining days of July the sound of bargain doings will hum in the air, If you want Laces, Hosiery, Ribbons, Gloves, Corsets, Dress Goods or household napery you will find every counter loaded with great values at

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This sale is bound to eclipse anything and everything ever attempted. We are determined to give to the buying public some of the most astonishing bargains ever known or heard of. Our great 4-page circular now being distributed throughout the city will give further particulars. We ask the closest buyers to note our prices, and also to bear in mind that in every department there are hundreds of opportunities for saving money. Even with the large space at our disposal we are compelled to omit mentioning in our circular many special lines; however, those quoted should be sufficient to convince the most sceptical buyer that at least 25 to 50 cents can be saved on every dollar.

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BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundation, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price $3,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE — SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. $2,500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED solid brick, semi-detached house, in first-class order, 10 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep lot, nicely sodded; new stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only $8,000.

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Tom—Yes; but I've got on one of last summer's flannel shirts.

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The Musical Pilgrims.

HOTEL DE RUSSE, LEIPZIG, GERMANY.
July 9th, 1891.

DEAR METRONOME,—We arrived at this steady old Saxon city on Monday evening last after a very pleasant time spent in Hamburg and Berlin, two of the most progressive and interesting cities on the continent. Our musical experiences thus far are simply paving stones leading up to the greater events at Bayreuth, that most cosmopolitan of all musical festivals, besides which the Lower Rhine or Birmingham, while both great events in a different way, are of a decidedly local character nevertheless. It is estimated that out of 60,000 or more pilgrims who are expected at Bayreuth this year, 40,000 will be foreigners and 15,000 Americans.

It will be exceedingly difficult for those who have not already attended to this matter to secure admission to any of the twenty performances of the festival.

Telegrams are pouring into Leipzig from all the civilized countries of the world, applying for tickets for different dates, but the *billets* allotted to this city have long since been disposed of, the same being true of Dresden, Berlin and London, and from Bayreuth has come the intelligence "all Parsifal and Tristan performances completely sold out." Thousands who have delayed ordering their seats up to the present time will be disappointed after arriving upon the spot to learn that their pilgrimage has been in vain, although it is expected that by paying a premium on the present price of five dollars a performance, many already possessing tickets will be found ready to speculate on them. Fortunately for me, my tickets were secured several months ago, a precaution which has brought its own reward.

We found music rather quiet in Hamburg and Berlin, July and August being a holiday time for the "divine art" in Germany. At Hamburg we heard some very fine military music by the bands of the 10th Bavarian Infantry, the 76th Prussian and the Grenadier Guards of Carlsruhe Baden. A novel and very interesting feature of a concert by the combined bands of the two latter regiments was the performance of a selection in which a frequently occurring *motif* was played by the splendid bugle and drum corps of the 76th Regiment drawn up before the band stand, the band accompaniment being a most ingenious arrangement and the combined effect exceedingly thrilling. In Berlin we heard the fine orchestra of the Lessing theater and a number of military bands, among them that of the 2nd Grenadier Guards. It would be difficult to imagine anything approaching nearer an ideal performance than the playing of this magnificent organization. Their tone was beautifully mellow and yet rich and sonorous. In phrasing, style and that delightful *abandon* which could only be acquired by an aggregation of true artists, their playing left nothing to be desired. Mr. Torrington was so delighted with the performance of this band that he could not resist the impulse of writing the bandmaster to this effect. While in Berlin we visited the *Hoch Schule der Musik* and were kindly received by the officials in charge and shown through it. This is the celebrated school which numbers among its professors such men as Joachim (the king of violinists), Bargeil, Barth and Spitta—names which at once command respect by reason of the services rendered in the cause of the art by the men who bear them. We called upon Joachim at his residence, and after a three days' sojourn in the Kaiser-Stadt departed for good old Leipzig—a city hallowed by musical associations which command the respect and reverence of all true lovers of the art.

Mr. Torrington, as you can imagine, is in his element. An enthusiastic admirer of Bach and Mendelssohn could not be otherwise. Every inch of the territory here suggests the names of these two immortals who did so much to raise the musical fame of the city. The names of Schumann and Wagner also are inseparably associated with the musical history of Leipzig, while such lesser lights as David, Hauptmann, Moscheles, Richter, Gade and others have aided in investing the old town with a peculiar charm quite in contrast to its otherwise practical and commercial atmosphere.

We have met a number of the most prominent musicians of the city since arriving, and have received many kindnesses at their hands. We were so fortunate as to receive invitations to attend a "Musicale" at the residence of the celebrated piano instructor, Martin Krause, where we met several leading lights in the profession, among them Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and formerly chief kapellmeister of the Leipzig theater, which, under his direction, was advanced to a position in the musical world second to no other then existing opera. Mr. Harry Field, formerly of Toronto, played a Liszt Ballade with excellent effect during the evening, giving ample evidence of the solid work he has done since returning to Leipzig.

I enjoyed a pleasant chat with Herr Nikisch, and it may interest you to know what his estimate is of the comparative standing of the various great orchestras of the world. In reply to my rather pointed inquiry as to his opinion of the position held by his own Boston orchestra, he frankly stated that in their present condition there were only two organizations in existence which could honestly claim to have reached a higher standard of excellence than the superb body of musicians which Col. Higginson's liberality has made it possible to maintain in Boston. These two were the magnificent orchestra of the Royal Opera at Dresden, which he considered to be the finest in the world, and the Vienna orchestra.

"But," headded, "I take with me on my return ten of the finest musicians in Germany to strengthen my own orchestra, among them Alwin Schroder, 'cellist of the Gewandhaus orchestra; the principal bassoon of the same organization, also the leading trumpet player of the Dresden orchestra."

We were much impressed with Herr Nikisch's genial and modest manner, and as he occupies a room in our hotel immediately opposite ours, we have had many opportunities of meeting him since. It is to be hoped that we may have the pleasure of hearing the Boston orchestra under his baton in Toronto during the coming season, as it would certainly be a revelation to our musical public.

Among our most pleasant experiences thus far, we count our kindly reception and entertainment by Herr Dr. Jadassohn, the celebrated composer and teacher of theory at the Royal Conservatory here. We spent several hours at his residence this afternoon very pleasantly, and I must say profitably as well. His social manner is suggestive of the bright genial vein which permeates his musical compositions. The statements which have appeared in several American musical journals to the effect that he had contracted to remove to New York for a term of three years as teacher of theory and composition in a leading Conservatory there, appear to have been premature. The "land of dollars" has not yet made a sufficiently interesting offer to tempt him from his pleasant and secure berth here.

We leave for Dresden on Monday next, and expect to reach Bayreuth on Saturday, from which point we may be able to forward some particulars which may interest you concerning the character of the performances. We carry with us letters of introduction to Dr. Von Bulow and Eugen D'Albert, also Teresa Carreno, and are looking forward with great anticipations to the performances as well as to meeting many shining lights in the profession who will flock there from all parts of the world—truly an inspiration and a lasting benefit to any devotee of the beautiful art which knows no nationality, and which speaks to all in a common language. Yours,

A. S. VOGT.

P.S.—I must not forget to mention that Mr. Torrington is in raptures over the Gewandhaus which we were shown through yesterday. After seeing the magnificent Grosse Saal and the Kammermusik Hall, he enthusiastically remarked what a splendid model this would make for the new convocation hall for the University of Toronto.

A Romantic Tale.

Nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the lovers. The days sped quickly by, and no shadow came to mar their newly-found happiness. One day, as they sat together on a rustic seat which had so long been Merriam's favorite nook, she looked up suddenly from a long reverie and said:—

"Don't you think, darling, it is strange that we have never heard from your brother John since that eventful night we missed the train? It is nearly a month now since mamma brought us to the sea, and no word from him has yet reached us." For a moment the young man by her side was strangely silent.

"I did not think it necessary to mention this before, Merriam," he said, "but there was a little matter between John and myself which rendered it advisable for me not to send him my address. I——"

But even as he spoke the sharp click of the gate was heard in the distance, and a man rapidly entered the grounds and walked towards the speaker, who stood there defiant and irresolute.

"At last," muttered the stranger, who, it is almost needless to say, was his brother John, "I have found you. And now," he hissed through his set teeth, grasping the other firmly by the wrist, "where is my shirt?"

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BLETCHER—At Port Hope, on July 19, Mrs. W. R. Bletcher—a daughter.
KEEFER—At Galt, on July 19, Mrs. W. N. Keefer—a son.
MEREDITH—At Paris, on July 18, Mrs. R F. Meredith—a daughter.
PEARSALL—At Toronto, on July 20. Mrs. C. Pearsall—a daughter.
PATTERSON—At Toronto, on July 12, Mrs. F. J. Patterson—a daughter.
SCOTT—At Toronto, on July 13, Mrs. George K. Scott—a son.
MONTGOMERY—At Toronto, on July 8, Mrs. R. O. Montgomery—a daughter.
NORRIS—At Toronto, on July 14, Mrs. R. Norris—a son.
ROBINSON—At Orillia, on July 15, Mrs. T. H. Robinson—a son.
FLEWMAN—At Toronto, on July 19, Mrs. Richard Flewman—a son.
WOODWARD—At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. James Woodward—a daughter.
GIBB—At Toronto, on June 30, Mrs. John Gibb—a daughter.
CRAWFORD—At Toronto, on July 15, Mrs. George S. Crawford—a daughter.

Marriages.

ROSS—WILSON—At Caledon, on July 8, R. Ross to Tena a Wilson.
JORY—BAIN—At Bath, on July 15, E. Newton Jory to Anna Bain.
NICHOL—MANSON—At Port Hope, on July 15, Rev. Frank Ormiston Nichol, of Mistawasis, N.W.T., to Willabmina Manson.
GLENNEY—COTTER—At Buffalo, N.Y., on July 15, Wm. A. Glenney to Jane Cecilia Cotter.
NICHOLLS—CRUIKSHANK—At Bowmanville, on July 15, Albert A. L. Nicholls to Jean Cruikshank.
ORR—JOHNSTON—At Whitby, on July 21, Robert K. Orr, B.A., N.M., to Dora Johnston.
McKEAN—McLAREN—At Hamilton, on July 21, S. H. McKean to W. H. McLaren.
McBRIDE—COWLEY—At Vancouver, on July 21, W. J. McBride to Edith Jane Cowley.
BARKER—BLACK—At Toronto, on July 17, G. Barker to E. Black.

Deaths.

WOODWARD—At Toronto, on July 18, Mrs. James Woodward, aged 44 years.
SLOAN—At Guelph, on July 8, Mrs. Archy Sloan.
WADSWORTH—At Liverpool, England, on June 29, Britannia Ann Wadsworth.
MOORES—At Toronto, on July 15, Henry Moores, aged 61 years.
LOBBAN—At Humber Bay, on July 18, Alexander Lobban, aged 27 years.
STEWART—At Guelph, on July 17, Mrs. Mary Ann Black Stewart, aged 65 years.
ELLIS At Toronto, on July 18, Trevor Danvers Ellis, aged 2 years.
KIERAN—At Toronto, on July 19, Frankie Kieran, aged 3 years.
McCANN—On July 19, Mrs. Susan McCann.
CHESNUT—At Toronto, on July 19, Harcourt Verney Chesnut, aged 8 months.
MURRAY—At Toronto, Mrs. John Murray, aged 36 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on July 15, James Mitchell Taylor, aged 2 years.
BOND—At Mindemoya, Manitoulin Island, on July 6, George Bond, aged 70 years.
ROHN—At Monticello, Illinois, on July 6, Spencer Wood Rohn.
GOURLIE—At Toronto, on July 20, Irene Gourlie, aged 5 weeks
LAWSON—At Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, on July 18, Mrs. James Lawson.
MORRIS—At Toronto, on July 17, Nora Beatrice Morris, aged 11 months.
HEALEY—At Hamilton, on July 14, John Healey, aged 80 years.
WELLS—At Minneapolis, on July 20, George Henry Wells.

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THIRD DAY—2.45 class trot and pace, purse $300 2 30 class trot and pace, purse $300
FOURTH DAY—2 50 class, purse $300. 2 30 class trot and pace, purse $300
FIFTH DAY—2 24 class, purse $300. two mile race, trotters and pacers, $400.
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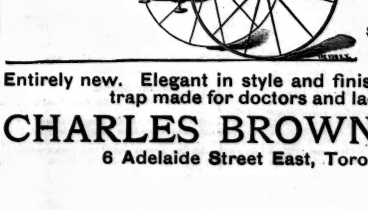

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